VOL. CCXI, No. 2747

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THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 4, 1952
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The SPHERE

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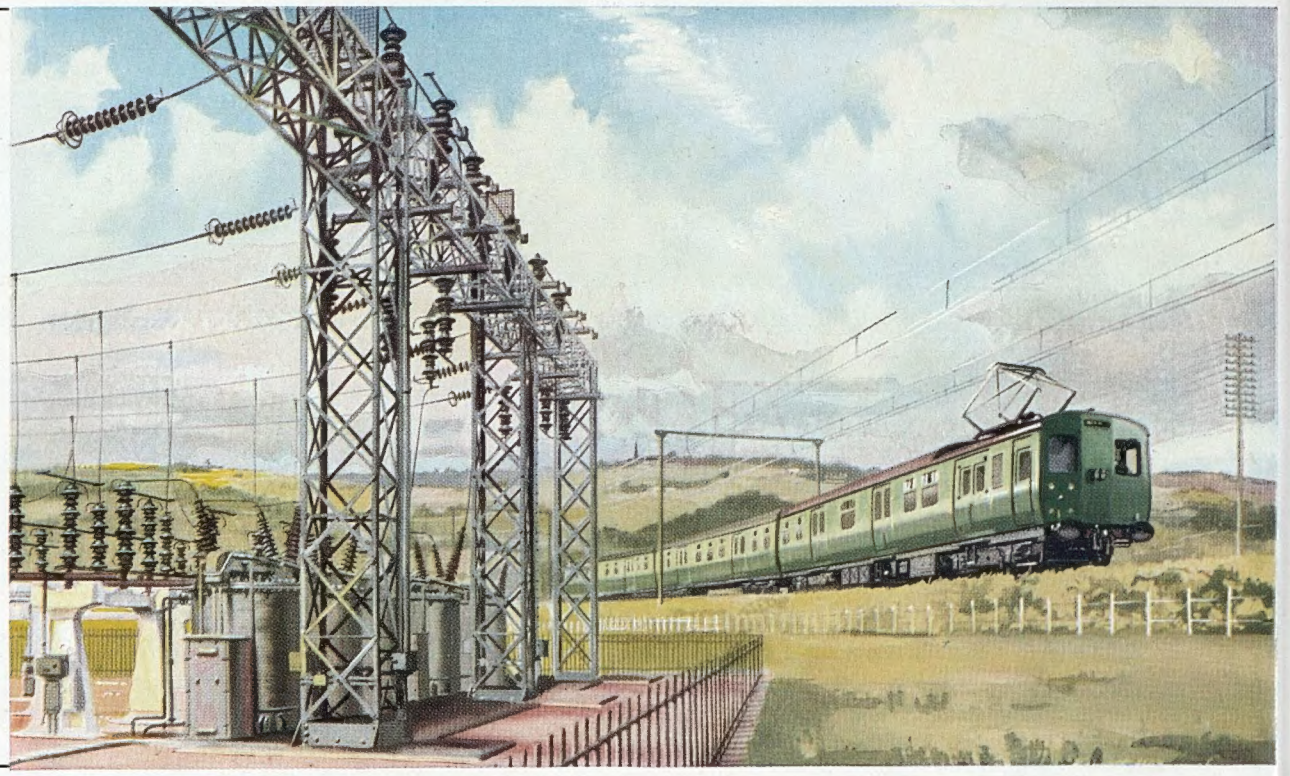

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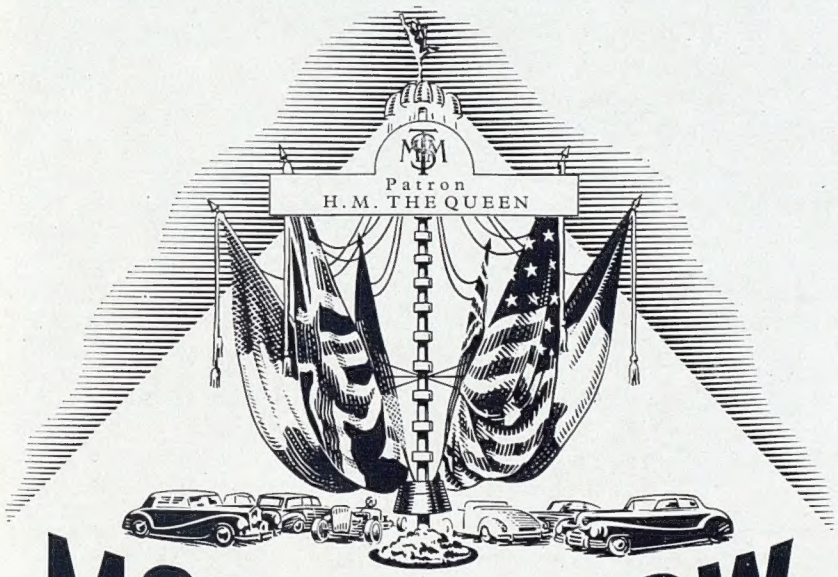

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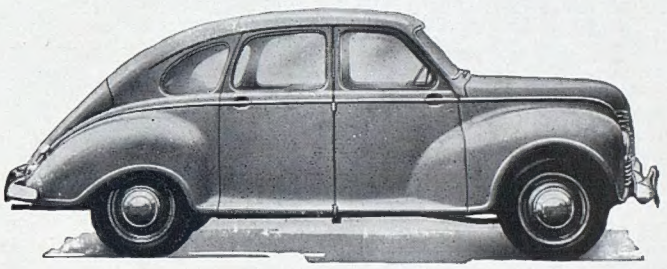
The Javelin is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have one in your hands—real family comfort—economy—*and* performance. Incidentally, the Javelin won outright the Closed Car Section of the R.A.C. International Rally this year.

Best speed, electrically timed, 80 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-50 m.p.h. in 15.4 secs. ("The Motor" 1952 Road Test). Horizontally opposed flat-four engine gives 30 m.p.g.



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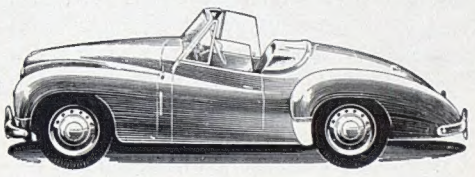
The Javelin's sister car, the JOWETT JUPITER



The Jowett JUPITER, winner of 9 major events in the 1950-51 season. Winner of Le Mans (1½ litre class) for the third year running in 1952. This amazingly successful 1½ litre sports convertible has basically the same engine as the Jowett Javelin.

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Bermuda is 700 miles S.E. of New York, in the latitude of North Carolina. *B.O.A.C.* will fly you there, either direct from London, or via New York taking advantage of the low tourist fare. Or you can sail direct by Cunard, which gives you a week of comfort in the CARONIA, sailing from Southampton Dec. 10, or the BRITANNIC, from Liverpool, Jan. 17. Frequent other services via New York.

Bermuda's Currency is Sterling. There is no limit on the amount you are allowed to take there.

Colour films of Bermuda available on loan—write to P.R. Bureau, Bermuda Government Information Office, Regent House, 89 Kingsway, London, W.C.2, who will also send you free illustrated booklet and information about fares and hotel charges. Or ask your Travel Agent.

WHEN IN NEW YORK on business, why not take advantage of the nearness of Bermuda and enjoy a break there on the way home ?

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Volume CCXI No. 2747 The SPHERE, London, October 4, 1952

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN MOTHER UNVEILS THE COMMANDOS MEMORIAL—HER MAJESTY IN FRONT OF THE MONUMENT WHICH STANDS ON A HILLTOP SITE AT ACHNACARRY, SPEAN BRIDGE, INVERNESS-SHIRE : Speaking from the rostrum is Mr. W. Gilmour Smith, President of the Scottish Commando Memorial Fund. Standing next to the Queen Mother is Lord Lovat, Commando leader of the Second World War. After the unveiling by the Queen Mother a piper of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders played the lament, "The Flowers of the Forest." A bugler of the Cameron Highlanders then sounded Last Post and Reveille. The memorial rises on the exposed moorland, facing Ben Nevis, in an area where 20,000 Commandos of many nationalities received their training during the war.

Scotland's tribute to all Commandos who gave their lives in the Second World War—a striking group of figures in bronze designed by Mr. Scott Sutherland—was unveiled by Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, on a hillock in the barren country near Spean Bridge last Saturday. Shortly before the ceremony the normally deserted Inverness-Gairlochy road became almost choked with cars and buses, bringing about 200 ex-Commandos and many hundreds of spectators to the scene. The former Commandos, wearing green berets and campaign medals with their civilian suits, came from many parts of Britain. In unveiling the memorial, the Queen Mother said : "I am proud to be here to-day to join with you in paying tribute to the gallant men whom this memorial commemorates Raised in urgent clouded days, the Commandos hardened themselves for battle by sea, land or air in which nothing was certain except the hazards which they would have to face. To them danger was a spur and the unknown but a challenge." In giving his personal impression of the figures constituting the memorial, Lord Lovat, the patron of the Scottish Commando Memorial Fund, and a former high-ranking Commando officer, declared : "They are just the sort of men I would like to have with me on a beach-head."

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

SIGNOR TOSCANINI COMES TO BRITAIN

THE LION OF THE CONCERT PLATFORM ARRIVES IN LONDON : Signor Toscanini at London Airport with his daughter Contessa Wally Castelbarco-Toscanini (left) and his granddaughter Emanuella Castelbarco-Toscanini (right). The plane which brought them from Milan was delayed in Geneva, so on arrival in London the Toscaninis went straight to their hotel for a rest. The Maestro, on his first visit to London since 1939, was here to conduct two Brahms concerts at the Royal Festival Hall.

SARAH SIDDONS ON PADDINGTON GREEN

HOMAGE TO THE TRAGIC MUSE : Lady Butler (a great-great-niece of Mrs. Siddons), Miss Beatrice Darling, and Dame Sybil Thorndike (representing the leading actors and actresses who have subscribed to the restoration fund) standing in front of the restored statue of Mrs. Siddons on Paddington Green. The statue, which was damaged in the war, has been restored following a public appeal. Sir William Reid Dick advised on the restoration.

MR. CHURCHILL'S RETURN FROM FRANCE

BACK TO WORK : Mr. Winston Churchill seen on his arrival at London Airport from the South of France, where he has been spending a brief holiday at Cap d'Ail. Mrs. Churchill is walking just behind. On page 12, Mr. Churchill is shown at Cap d'Ail receiving a tricolor sash after being made honorary mayor.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

In 1953—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Back to Our Major Problems.—The Premier is home again. Mr. Anthony Eden also. I am glad of it. There are grave problems for immediate attention, and I fancy that the Engineering and Shipbuilding Unions' final decision to ban overtime and piecework is the most urgent and grave. For this is a national hold-up, a threat to the nation based on two irresponsible actions: to put forward an utterly extravagant wage increase and, when it was properly refused, to turn down the offer of arbitration and to resort to unconstitutional means to hold on to an untenable position. But the position is not yet hopeless. There are signs that the original £2 claim is widely admitted to have been extravagant, and signs also that the grim decision is not universally accepted in the unions. It is not disputed that there are causes for dissatisfaction among grades of the workers; to adjust them is the essential function of arbitration, and if the Government now acts strongly and quickly, this folly and treachery inspired by a minority may be averted. I was thankful to read no argument in any paper that Mossadek's outrageous proposals for "settling" the oil dispute deserved careful scrutiny. Almost every newspaper agreed that the Government was bound to reject them and that they were indeed nothing but the efforts of a hard-pressed dictator to maintain his power by keeping alive a quarrel with the world forced on him by a hot-head minority in Persia. No one knows better than Mossadek that if that quarrel were settled (however favourably for Persia), the mere fact of "agreement" with Britain would instantly bring about his own downfall. Hence the extravagance, the absurdity of his demands. The 1933 Treaty itself was a gross humiliation for Britain. Where it suits Mossadek it stands. Wherever it might benefit Britain, it is waste paper. Mossadek's case is, baldly, that having robbed our till, he must be paid off-hand the value of his haul and, after receiving double value for his thefts, he is prepared on a few minor points of adjustment to submit to World Court arbitration, giving no guarantees that he will or can honour any award against Persia. Lunatic as these proposals appear, there is a hint in them of a desire for more serious bargaining. His playing on the fears of America about Russian intervention in Persia is one obvious counter in his bargaining. This shadowy avenue for further negotiation is, please God, the only avenue which the Premier and Foreign Office will seriously explore. A further major humiliation of Britain by Persia would surely bring down a stronger Government than Mr. Churchill's.

King George VI Memorial.—The Lord Mayor has long since been engaged in consultations on the form which the national memorial to King George VI shall take, and he will launch his appeal for funds in due course. It is the Lord Mayor's traditional duty. He has powerful co-operators. Already the date of the Premier's broadcast is fixed—Saturday, October 4. Sub-committees have already issued reports and the principal civic representatives of the country have given their views to the Executive Committee. What form will the memorial take? It will depend a great deal on the proceeds of the appeal. I will wager two bets: that the response will be enormous and that the memorial will be far more practical than decorative. Memorials of this kind to dead sovereigns have become increasingly so since the death of Queen Victoria, when most of the fund was spent on the great statue and on improving the Palace front and the environs. King Edward's fund provided a less conspicuous statue (in Waterloo Place) and a people's park in the East End. King George V's fund gave the statue in Abingdon Street and the splendid Playing Fields scheme. There will, of course, be a statue of George VI, and I have no inkling where it will stand, but I shall be very much surprised if a vast proportion of the fund is not used to benefit the youth of the nation in some open-air form, for the improvement of physique, for the benefit of its mental and physical health, for the inculcation of citizenship, fellowship, discipline and higher ideals. For that practical purpose King George VI worked all his life, and no sum could be too large for the furthering of such a project, so vitally important to the future of our race.

National Parks.—I always thought th term National Park was ill-chosen, whether applied t a game reserve in Africa or to a stretch of wild Englis country. A park is essentially a domestic and a man controlled amenity. It may be beautiful but is seldom wild. A modern bureaucracy connects it to-day wit litterboxes, public conveniences, printed notices and trim paths or as a place to store motor-cars. That i not the right word for an area in Africa in which survivors of the fast diminishing stocks of wild beasts elephants, leopards, cheetahs, lions, deer, and so on are confined for preservation. In any case, they los their natural instincts there, in their growing familiarity with mankind and their new security against starva tion, pest and calamitous forces of Nature. Such parks indeed, are zoos, and are better so described. These wild creatures in the wild, if they are to survive th blind blood lust and cruelty of man, must indeed b rescued, but cannot be rescued with their primitiv instincts preserved to them. And as they are decimated or preserved as emasculates, their natural function in keeping down the pests that pray on agricultur cease to be employed, and man in his blindness pay for his folly and lust. An English "national park" i no less a misnomer. More and more it lays emphasis on the noun and neglects the adjective. These reserves were designed to be truly national and nationally controlled. They are tending to be run by a series of local boards and joint committees, and it follows that local aims have priority in administration. And the less they are turned into parks in the bureaucratic conception of that term the better. Snowdonia does not lend itself to *taming*, and our surviving beauty spots of a wild and remote type were selected for control for the very contrary purpose, to preserve their wild integrity, not to tame and tidy them. It were better to rename both kinds of "park." For Africa a game reserve, for England a nature reserve. And renamed they should be suffered to live up to their names.

WHAT HAPPENED ON "CLIPPING SUNDAY" AT PAINSWICK

AN OLD WEST COUNTRY CUSTOM : "Clipping Sunday," a very ancient church ceremony, is still observed annually at Painswick, Gloucestershire. Led by a band, the children and congregation walk in procession around the famous yew-tree avenues in the churchyard and form a circle with joined hands round the church. The circle advances and retreats upon the church to traditional music on a cornet.

Saturday at Nottingham.—I came into Nottingham from Scotland by way of Brough and Bowes Moor—that lonely and desolate stretch—in search of bed and board. My goodness, what a contrast! The "queen city of the Midlands" is indeed a whale of a city. Only Arnold Bennett could do justice to her streets and the night life of her hotels. I don't wonder now that she is served by such superb roads. On Saturday nights in Nottingham there are more cars parked close on both sides of every mile of her streets than are assembled on Epsom Downs on Derby Day. And such cars! Nottingham on Saturday nights suggests that the Midlands are prosperous enough in spite of austerities. They laugh louder in Nottingham than anywhere else on earth, they eat and they drink and are merry. In every hotel there are a dozen private dinners, every bar is crammed, every table filled. The late resident must queue and wait for a table for perhaps an hour. Champagne flows, corks pop like machine-gun fire, flowers decorate every corner of every room and table, putting Chelsea to the blush. The streets are knee-deep in waste paper and the noise and hum of the city terrify the rustic or the traveller newly-arrived from Bowes Moor. And the lights are dazzling. The luxury shop windows blaze and display expensive marvels of radio, furnishings, frocks and fripperies, and the sky signs dim the moon. If you are entertaining a foreigner who believes that poor old England is down and out in the doldrums, take him to

Nottingham on Saturday night, dine him and wine him in a luxury hotel (but order your table in advance), and walk him afterwards through the queen city's streets. He 'll change his mind about poor old England.

"A Life in Your Hands."—The first of many letters addressed to The Old Stager which I opened on my return from my holiday was from the organiser of the blood-transfusion service in Midhurst. She wrote that as a constant reader of The Sphere and "Newsletter," she suspected that I might live in her area, and that she very much doubted whether I was as old as I pretended to be. She described herself as a human leech crawling about the Midhurst R.D. area in search of the blood of her neighbours—a desperate and vital hunt. If I was under sixty-five (and she was sure I was), might she pounce upon me for a contribution at her forthcoming orgy? She made it very clear to me in a number of little pamphlets how urgent and how necessary this blood-transfusion service is in the saving of human lives. Alas, I was able to convince her that Time's iron curtain had clamped down on me and that my sixty-fifth birthday was already a dim memory, and that no leech would look twice at my thin and pale blood. But I was able to assure her that her sleuthing was shrewd and that I did indeed live in her rural area; which proved, further, that after more than a quarter-century my alias had preserved my anonymity among my nearest neighbours, and that in one respect at least the "Old Stager" was not living a lie. He really is an old stager to-day. But many of my readers are not so, as I well know, and they are badly needed to-day in their own areas by their own human and humane leeches. Indeed, it is a vital service and a duty imposed on every citizen over eighteen and under sixty-five with the right stuff to spare—another life beside his own in his veins.

A Tale of Hoffman.—Bacon is out of date, off the ration. Mr. Calvin Hoffman, a literary sleuth from the U.S.A., has put Marlowe on the map in the eternal Shakespeare controversy. He has found documentary proof at Douai that Kit Marlowe was not murdered in May 1593 in a tavern brawl, but was whisked out of England and was seen in Douai in August of that year and again in 1601. He was in trouble in England, and his patron, Walsingham, put out the story of his death, buried another corpse under Marlowe's name and got Kit away to Douai in company with one of his alleged killers. And then and there Marlowe began to write Shakespeare. He started off with *Venus and Adonis*, which he had begun to write at Chislehurst, his patron's home town, and there or at Douai he wrote everything attributed at various times to Shakespeare. Of course, he didn't write Shakespeare under his own name, any more than Bacon did or Oxford or who-not. They all saddled their stuff on Will Shakespeare, the Stratford chaw-bacon or Shake-scene, who was well used to holding other men's horses and babies and stealing other men's deer and poetry. And now soon enough, when Hoffman's tale is proved in detail, Stratford will cease to exist as a shrine, the theatre will become a car factory, the "birthplace" will revert to a butcher's shop, and the pilgrims will all wend their way to Chislehurst.

Souvenirs.—Soon enough it will be possible to redecorate one's house with "tasteful" Coronation souvenirs. The Council of Industrial Design—the trustee of taste—has approved nearly 100 of the 300 or more designs submitted. The committee did not expect miracles and was, on the whole, impressed with the quality. Some articles were rejected because they infringed the Court regulations concerning the reproduction of Royal emblems. Available to the average householder will be articles of many kinds, and we may be sure the sale will be brisk. In the centre of the mantelpiece will be a plaster bust of the Queen, flanked with Coronation mugs. On the fireside table a brass handbell and ashtrays of several materials. There will be glass goblets on the dining-room table and brooches on the bosom or dressing-table of the housewife. I am not planning to give such souvenirs to my friends for Christmas, and I am satisfied that they will not give them to me. The general idea is *not* to release them for the Christmas trade but to confine them to Coronation year. That is a wise idea. We must not be surfeited with Coronation souvenirs before the great year begins. For the remainder of this year, therefore, I shall make do with my older souvenirs. I shall continue to enjoy the beauties of my old mugs, the present from Margate and the present from Ilfracombe, the plaster bust of Queen Victoria, slightly chipped, the china figures of the Prince Consort and the Peace-maker, and those ancient rivals, Dizzy and the G.O.M. in frock coats. Next year, in a million homes, we shall have changed all that. Patience! There are but three months to wait.

The Old Stager

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE GREAT GLEN AFFRIC POWER SCHEME

By Neil Gunn

WITH DRAWINGS BY VICTOR COVERLEY PRICE

In the Bird Migration feature appearing in The Sphere last week the Shearwaters in one of J. C. Harrison's drawings were described, owing to an unfortunate error, as Great Skuas.

KING FEISAL IS THE GUEST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT BALMORAL

THE QUEEN AND HER ROYAL GUESTS IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS AT BALMORAL: King Feisal of Iraq and the Regent of Iraq seen with Her Majesty, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. King Feisal, who has only lately completed a tour of the United States, arrived at Balmoral by air. He had previously attended with the Regent a luncheon held in his honour at Claridge's, at which the Marquess of Salisbury presided. The Queen has invested King Feisal with the insignia of Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.

THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITS THE GRANGEMOUTH REFINERY

COMPLIMENTING PIPE-MAJOR ROBERT BROWN ON THE PLAYING OF THE OIL-WORKS PIPE BAND: The Queen Mother, accompanied by Sir William Fraser, Chairman of Anglo-Iranian, seen during her tour of the new refinery at Grangemouth. The Queen Mother spent about four hours in the town of Grangemouth, ending her visit with a call at the houses of two of the oil company's employees. The refinery has been remodelled at a cost of £15,000,000, so that it can now handle £2,500,000 tons of crude oil a year, producing motor spirit, kerosene, gas and fuel oil and a variety of other petroleum products. When the new £4,000,000 catalytic cracking plant comes into operation in November it will bring nearer the motorist's dream of a return to the highest quality branded petrol. Grangemouth will raise Anglo-Iranian's total refining capacity to 10,000,000 tons per year—the largest single contribution to the country's total of 30,000,000 tons. The 500-acre site lies only a few inches above the high-water mark of the adjacent Firth of Forth, and when the expansion began it was found necessary to bring to the site 500,000 tons of spent shale which was spread in order to remove the risk of flooding. The refinery now uses enough cooling water to supply a town of 900,000 inhabitants.

THE VARIED ART OF JACOB EPSTEIN

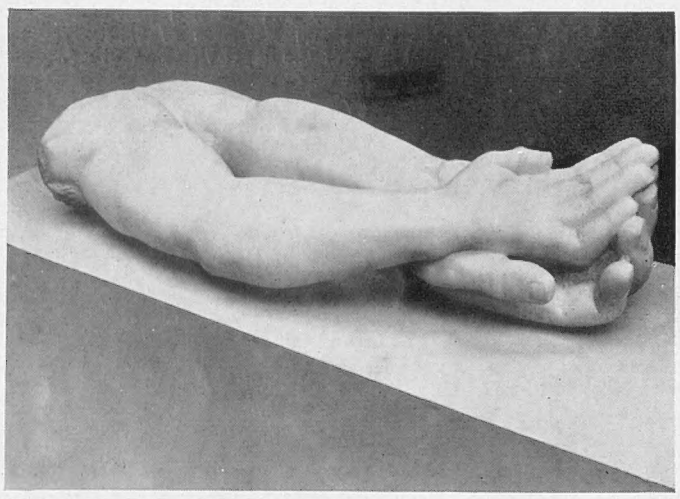
AN IMPORTANT LOAN EXHIBITION ARRANGED BY THE ARTS COUNCIL AT THE TATE GALLERY

There has never before been a comprehensive exhibition of the work of Epstein, and even the present loan exhibition staged by the Arts Council at the Tate Gallery does not quite represent Epstein's work in all its diversity. In spite of their size and weight, it has been possible to include four large single figures, including the mammoth "Genesis," which some people find most repellent. It has only been possible to borrow for this exhibition a few of Epstein's monumental carvings and large bronzes, because some are in architectural or other settings from which they cannot be removed, while others are in America.

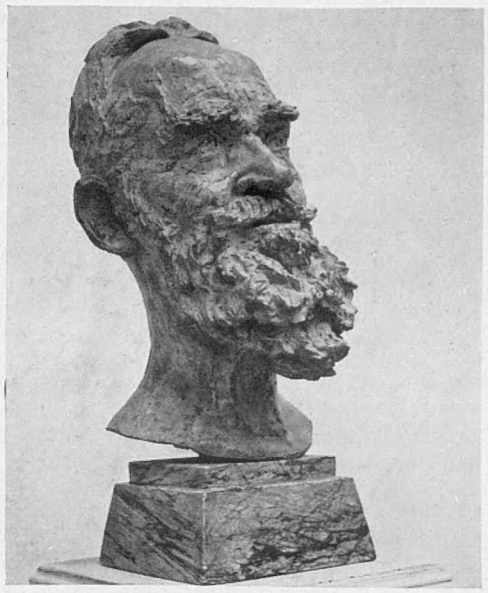
On the whole, it is Epstein's work in portraiture which is most fully represented in this selection at the Tate. Einstein, Bernard Shaw, Haile Selassie and Admiral Lord Fisher have been among his sitters. A recent head is that of Professor Blackett, a bronze of great restraint and much strength.

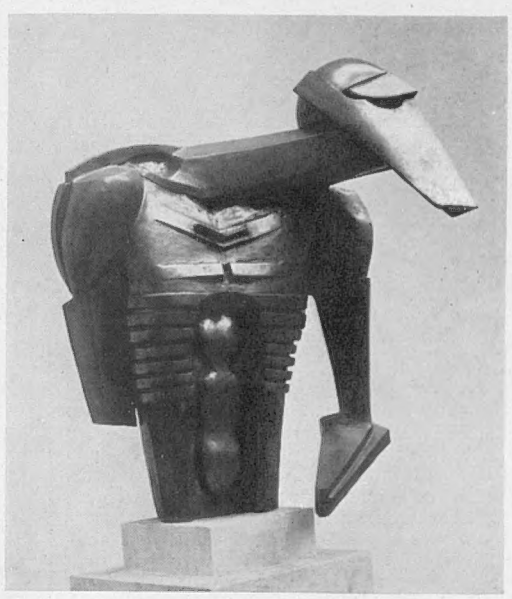
In introducing the exhibition to the public, Philip James declares: "The dual nature of Epstein's art is clearly defined: he is both the carver in stone and marble, a sculptor of great vitality and integrity, and also the modeller and portraitist with an exceptional psychological insight into the character of his sitter and with great powers of dramatic expression. From this conflict of sculptural ideals comes a tension which contributes to the impact of Epstein's work. Herein too lies the cause of some failures when the equation has not been resolved."

IN THE GALLERY OF PORTRAITURE AT THE TATE, WHERE EPSTEIN'S WORK IN ITS REMARKABLE DIVERSITY IS NOW DISPLAYED: At the end of the main vista of the three galleries devoted to Epstein's work is the great figure of Lucifer, with wings outspread. This bronze, over 10 ft. in height, was completed in 1945. It has been lent to the present loan exhibition by the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. The mammoth "Genesis" is also in the exhibition.

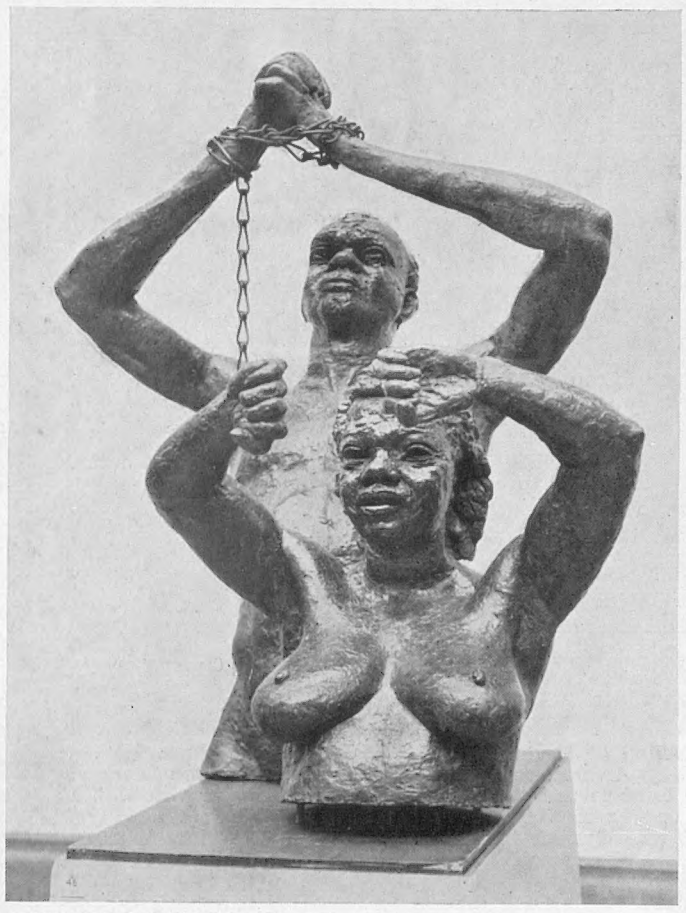


STUDY OF TWO ARMS IN MARBLE: Epstein has described this carving as the hand of a woman resting tenderly in the hand of man. It has been lent to the exhibition by Eric Campion.





ORTHODOX AND OTHERWISE: *Left*—The head of Bernard Shaw. At Shaw's insistence the original portrait was a full bust. In this more satisfactory second version the head only was used and it was placed at a slightly different angle. *Right*—The Rock Drill bronze. This was an early effort by Epstein and belongs to the year 1913, when he was much preoccupied with things mechanical.



GROUP FOR "SLAVE HOLD": This Epstein bronze, dated 1946, has been lent by the sculptor. It is one of his most virile compositions. Like many of his later works this shows a further development of interest in the surface quality of the bronze.

"PEGGY JEAN ASLEEP": This fine bronze, completed in 1920, shows the sculptor's daughter at the age of two. "The little Peggy Jean was a real source of inspiration," says Jacob Epstein.

"ELIZABETH": This portrait in silver, completed in 1951, has been lent by the sculptor. Belonging to the same year are portraits of Maugham and Judith Faith Margulies.

THE CENTENARIES EXPRESS

A Celebration of the "Towns Line" and King's Cross Centenaries

THE "CENTENARIES EXPRESS" SPEEDING THROUGH HADLEY WOOD, HERTS, ON ITS WAY TO YORK: This was a special train arranged by the Eastern Region of British Railways and a group of railway enthusiasts to celebrate the centenaries of the opening in 1852 of King's Cross Station and the "Towns Line" between Werrington Junction and Retford *via* Grantham and Newark. The completion of the "Towns Line" created for the Great Northern Railway most of the main line to York as it is known to-day. The "Centenaries Express's" schedule allowed 195 minutes for a non-stop run of 188.2 miles from London to York, and the journey was completed two minutes ahead of time. The streamlined class A4 Pacific locomotive was the *Sir Nigel Gresley*.

MICHAELMASTIDE CEREMONIES IN THE CITY OF LONDON

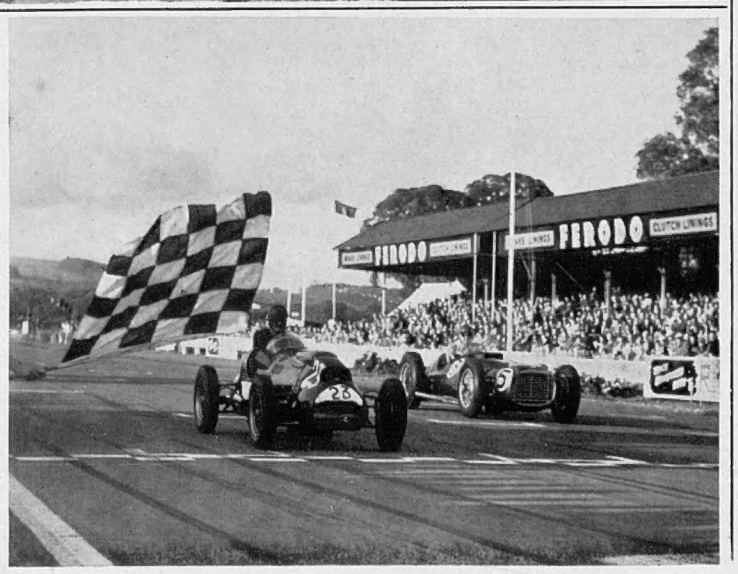
The Swearing-in of the New City Sheriffs Precedes the Election of the New Lord Mayor

On left—
A FORMER HOLDER OF THE OFFICE PLACES THE GOLD CHAINS OF THE OFFICE OF SHERIFF ON THE SHOULDERS OF ALDERMAN S. H. GILLETT: Alderman Gillett, together with Mr. Sidney Fox, took the oath of office at a ceremony in Guildhall presided over by the Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce, two days before the election in the same building of the Lord Mayor for Coronation year. The two sheriffs made their promises in Elizabethan phraseology. The new Lord Mayor of London is to be Sir Rupert de la Bere. After the ceremony in Guildhall the two newly elected City sheriffs gave their inaugural "breakfast" at Drapers' Hall.

VICTORY FOR THE B.R.M.

British Racing Cars Gain the First Three Places at Goodwood

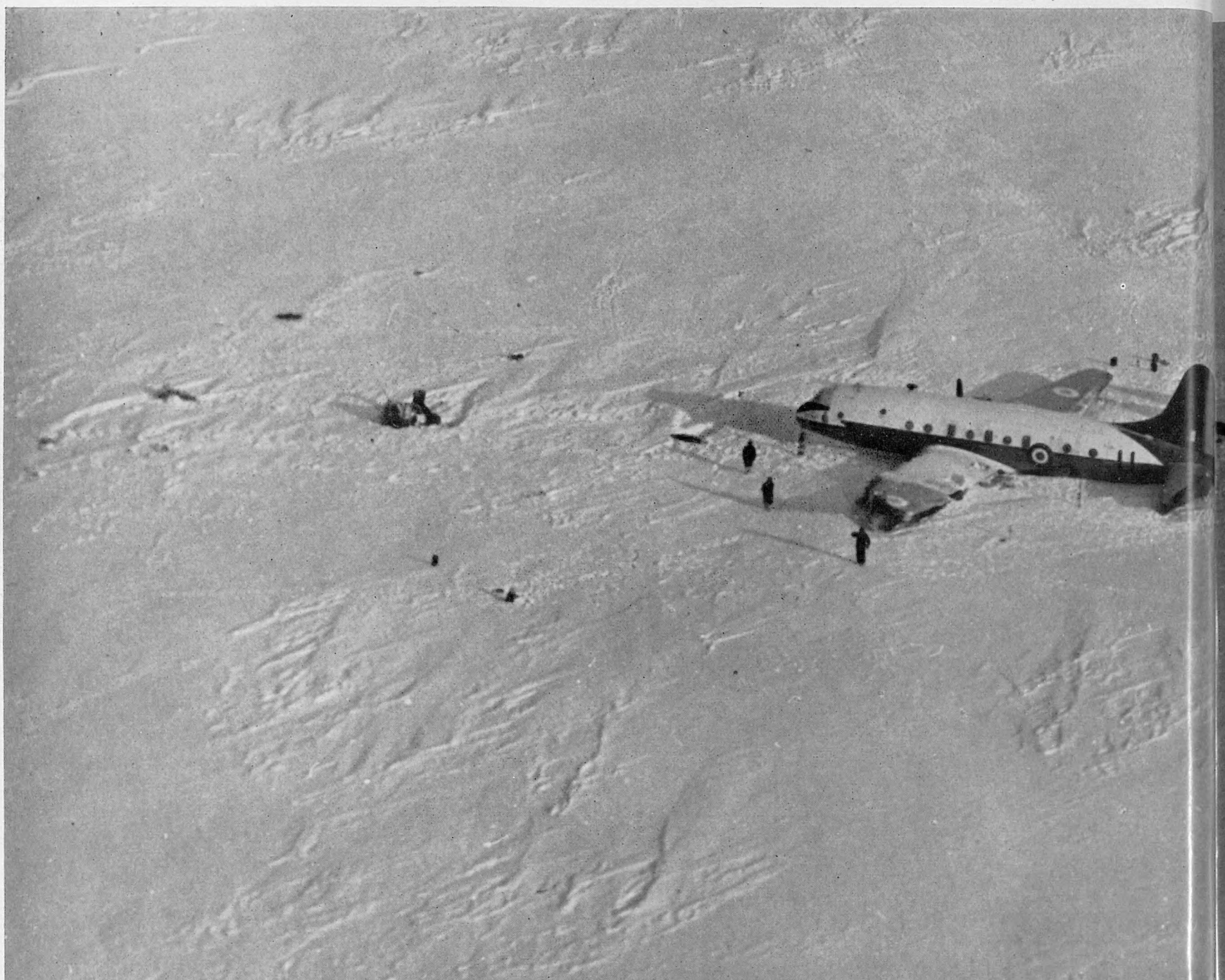
On right—
F. GONZALES IN A B.R.M. WINNING THE GOODWOOD TROPHY LAST SATURDAY: Two other B.R.M.s, driven by Reg. Parnell and Ken Wharton, finished second and third in this big event of the day. It is reported that their success was followed by three bids for the B.R.M. cars from British motor manufacturers. The cars cost nearly £300,000 to build and develop, and it was decided to sell them after a series of failures in important races.



MR. CHAPLIN IN TOWN

The Famous Comedian on his First Visit to London for Over Twenty Years

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN ATTENDS A PERFORMANCE OF "ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE OLD VIC: He is seen talking to Claire Bloom (Juliet) and Alan Badel (Romeo). Miss Bloom makes her film debut with Mr. Chaplin in his new film *Limelight*. Thousands gathered outside the Old Vic to catch a glimpse of the comedian, and as he and his wife entered the whole audience stood and applauded them.



SENDING DOWN PARCELS TO THE MEN MAROONED ON THE ICE-CAP : This was the scene in the compartment of the relief plane as the work of despatching supplies neared completion. The sixth supply drop was carried out on Wednesday of last week. At the same time messages were received from the nine remaining marooned men saying they wanted their relatives to be told that they were well and happy. These nine men were rescued at the end of last week, and on September 26 all twelve were under observation in hospital at Thule, the American air base in Greenland.

MAROONED ON GREENLAND'S ICE-CAP

How the Crew of the Crashed R.A.F. Hasting Received Supplies by Parachute Six Days Afte they Landed

Although the Hastings aircraft which crashe on the Greenland Ice-cap was only 200 mile from the British North Greenland Expedition base on the newly-discovered Britannia Lak there was no question of the marooned me reaching the base on foot, for the Ice-cap is deepl crevassed and the Arctic winds tear across without lull now that winter has closed in in thos climes. It was therefore necessary for the me to settle down and make the best of things in th fuselage of their wrecked plane, and this the did in the best pioneering tradition. In du course a series of parachute drops brought them tentage and food, and then came the first of th rescues, by a U.S. amphibian plane. More delay followed because of bad weather on the Ice-cap and then came the second rescue, by a Dakot aircraft fitted with skis and jet-assisted take-o equipment. The first rescue was achieved b a twin-engined Grumman S.A.-16 amphibia guided by a Flying Fortress and accompanie by another Flying Fortress.

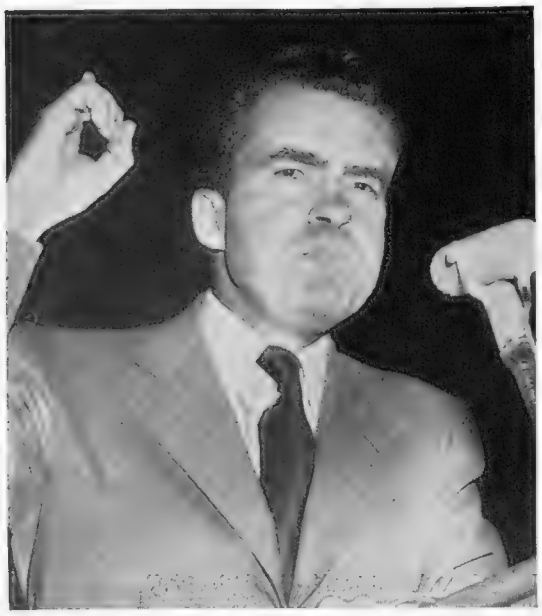
On right—

ACKNOWLEDGING A GIFT FROM THE SKIES: A member of the crew waves from a relief plan to the marooned men on the Greenland Ice-cap The relief plane had just dropped further stores. Behind one of the damaged wings of th Hastings three tents had been erected, the wing protecting them from the prevailing winds

MAROONED IN A WILDERNESS OF WHITE—THE ROYAL AIR FORCE HASTINGS TRANSPORT SEEN ON THE GREENLAND ICE-CAP, WHERE IT CRASH-LANDED WHILE DROPPING SUPPLIES TO MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION: The crew of twelve men suffered only minor injuries, and they had food enough for ten days. Six days after they landed supplies were parachuted to the marooned men, and these supplies are seen in course of being assembled at a point on the right of the picture. From the outset bad weather foiled the rescue attempts of the American Air Force's Sixth Rescue Squadron operating from Thule, Greenland, but eventually an amphibian plane with jet-assisted take-off equipment and skis landed on the ice-cap and took the three casualties to safety. Then followed the rescue of the remaining nine men.

WITH EISENHOWER AND NIXON

DURING THE CRISIS DAYS OF THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN, FROM WHICH THEY EMERGED WITH THEIR CHANCES APPARENTLY UNDIMINISHED



SENATOR RICHARD NIXON MAKES TWO VITAL SPEECHES IN HIS FIGHT TO RE-ESTABLISH HIMSELF : *Left*—Nixon speaking at Wheeling, Virginia, shortly after his meeting with Eisenhower, when the Republican nominees embraced and it was officially made known that Nixon would remain on the Republican ticket, despite the revelations about his campaign fund. *Right*—Four characteristic studies of Nixon during his remarkable television broadcast on a nation-wide hook-up. The Republican Party had to pay £27,000 for this broadcast, and Nixon, making skilful use of the time, succeeded in re-establishing himself, letters and telegrams pouring in afterwards and urging the Republican Committee to retain him as a candidate. Despite popular enthusiasm at Mr. Nixon's dramatic speech, the Press response was mixed indeed. The *St. Louis Post Dispatch* : "Only a man with colossal nerve would undertake to convert the liability of his trust fund into an asset by arguing with a straight face that he used it to save the taxpayers' money." Mr. Walter Lippmann described the Nixon broadcast as a disturbing experience, and *The Times* declared : "Political correspondents no longer feel competent to report the Eisenhower campaign ; it is, they think, a job for the dramatic critic."

"IKE" GIVES HIS INITIAL VIEWPOINT ON THE NIXON CASE : The Republican nominee making a statement to Pressmen on his campaign train shortly after he had heard the news of Senator Nixon's fund. At this stage Eisenhower was inclined to wait for further information, but it was noted at a later stage that he was willing to accept the public verdict on Nixon following the dramatic television broadcast. When Nixon and Eisenhower met at Wheeling it is recorded that Nixon cried on the General's shoulder and the latter declared : "You are my boy, Dick."

EISENHOWER RIDES IN TRIUMPH THROUGH CINCINNATI WITH BOB TAFT, OHIO'S FAVOURITE SON : This strange alliance between the Republican nominee and the man who failed to get the nomination has been hailed by the Democrats with glee, betokening, as it may, that General Eisenhower is now the captive of the Old Guard of the Republican Party.

THE END OF A CHAMPION

Walcott Forfeits His Crown to Marciano

JERSEY JOE WALCOTT, THE REIGNING CHAMPION, SLUMPS AGAINST THE ROPES AFTER A SMASHING LEFT HOOK FROM THE CHALLENGER, ROCKY MARCIANO : By knocking out Walcott in the thirteenth round of their title fight in Philadelphia, Marciano became Heavyweight Champion, the first white holder of the title for many years.

NEARING THE END—THE REFEREE BEGINS THE COUNT AFTER WALCOTT HAS BEEN PUNCHED ALMOST INTO OBLIVION BY THE POWERFUL ROCKY MARCIANO : Walcott, it seemed, had only to emerge from the last three rounds to retain his title. Just after the start of the thirteenth round Marciano, who had been trying desperately to land on Walcott's jaw, at last connected. Walcott had his guard down at the time, and thus one clean punch ended the fight. In a minute thousands of spectators swarmed over the seats to acclaim the new champion at close quarters. It was ten minutes before either of the boxers could leave the ring.

BERLIN AND BONN

SIGNOR DE GASPERI'S VISIT TO THE RHINELAND—THE EAST GERMAN DELEGATES RECEIVE A HOT RECEPTION IN WEST GERMANY—GENERAL LAWTON COLLINS WITH AMERICAN TROOPS IN BERLIN

THE GERMAN AND ITALIAN LEADERS TOUR THE RHINELAND : Chancellor Konrad Adenauer (centre) and Signor de Gasperi (left foreground) leaving the Roman Catholic Abbey of Maria Laach, the oldest Catholic Abbey still in use in the German Rhineland. On the right is the Abbot, Basilius Ebel. Herr Adenauer once found refuge in the Abbey from the Gestapo during the days of the Hitler regime. Signor de Gasperi and Dr. Adenauer first met thirty years ago after the First World War when Dr. Adenauer was Chief Burgomaster of Cologne. Both are known to be inspired by the desire to strengthen the peaceful co-operation of their two countries. Signor de Gasperi's engagements in Germany included a visit to Aachen in order to receive the Charlemagne Prize for services rendered to the cause of European unity.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF IN BERLIN : General J. Lawton Collins (left centre of reviewing stand) addressing troops stationed in Berlin after a parade had been held in his honour. Beside him on the reviewing stand were Major-General Lemuel Mathewson, the United States Commandant in Berlin, and Brigadier-General M. W. Daniel, commander of the U.S. troops stationed in Berlin. *Below*—United States tanks passing in review during the parade. General Collins went to Berlin after seeing Exercise "Holdfast" in Westphalia. He told the Press on arrival in the city, "American aid to the Western Allies is paying off."

A HOSTILE DEMONSTRATION FOR THE EAST GERMAN DELEGATES TO WEST GERMANY : Herr Nushke leaving his car to attend a luncheon given in Bonn to mark the arrival of the delegates from the "People's Chamber" of the Soviet Zone who brought their proposals for German Unity, Four-Power negotiations and a Treaty of Peace. The demonstrators paraded with banners, and at the Rhine Bridge the delegates' cars were stoned and attempts were made to smash the windows with sticks. The wireless aerial of one car was torn off. Nushke, who is one of the deputy chief ministers under Herr Grotwohl, is a renegade member of the Christian Democratic Party.

A CHOIR CONCERT, THE FIRST OF A SERIES PLANNED FOR THE FORTHCOMING MONTHS, IS GIVEN IN A RUINED BERLIN CHURCH : This was the setting amid the ruins of the Kaiser Wilhelm Gadachtniskirche (Memorial Church) when a male-voiced choir gave the first of a series of concerts. Benches for about 1,000 listeners had been set up in the roofless nave, on which, in spite of a chilly drizzle, shivering Berliners huddled together underneath their umbrellas. The memorial church, a towering landmark of West Berlin which was severely damaged during the war, is situated in the British Sector of Berlin. The church is a late-Romanesque edifice and before being damaged had a lofty tower and an elaborate interior.

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THE WAY OF TH WORLD

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictu

THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY AND HIS GUEST OF HONOUR, MARSHAL TITO, ON THE STEPS OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN BELGRADE: Mr. Eden had been returning a measure of the hospitality which he had received from the Yugoslav leader during his stay. While in Belgrade Mr. Eden invited Marshal Tito to visit London, but it has been indicated that the visit may not be for a while, as there are difficulties in the way of a "head of State" visiting Britain before the Coronation of a new monarch. (At the moment Marshal Tito is the Premier of Yugoslavia, but it is thought that in the near future his formal status may be enhanced.)

CITIZENS OF BELGRADE TURN OUT TO GREET THE BRITISH FORE SECRETARY: This crowd gathered as Mr. Eden drove a from the British Reading Room, where he spent some minu during the course of a tour of the city. Mr. Eden's visit Yugoslavia concluded with a flight to Lake Bled, where he Marshal Tito's guest for the final night before leaving Austria. After a farewell reception at the Government at Bled, Mr. Eden and Marshal Tito exchanged gifts. Marshal presented the Foreign Secretary with a marble statuette, large lace table-cloth, a wooden box with the various varie of Yugoslav cigarettes, and an oil-painting. Mr. Eden's perso gift to Marshal Tito was an 1808 Sheffield silver wine coas and also a suit length of the finest Lovat Cheviot twe

MR. CHURCHILL AT THE VILLA CAPOCINA, CAP D'AIL, IS PRESENTED WITH THE TRICOLOR SASH WORN BY ALL FRENCH MAYORS: The ceremony was to mark the fact that the Premier had been made Honorary Mayor of Cap d'Ail, and the sash was placed over his shoulder by the Mayor, in the presence of his fellow councillors. Mr. Churchill was also handed an illuminated parchment containing the minutes of the meeting relating to his appointment.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA, WHO HAS INTERVENED IN THE OIL DISPUTE FOR T FIRST TIME FOR MANY MONTHS: The Shah, who is seen in this pictu together with the Empress Soraya in the grounds of the Saadab Palace, has sent his Court Minister to Dr. Mossadek to expr his anxiety over the Premier's threat to sever relations with Britai

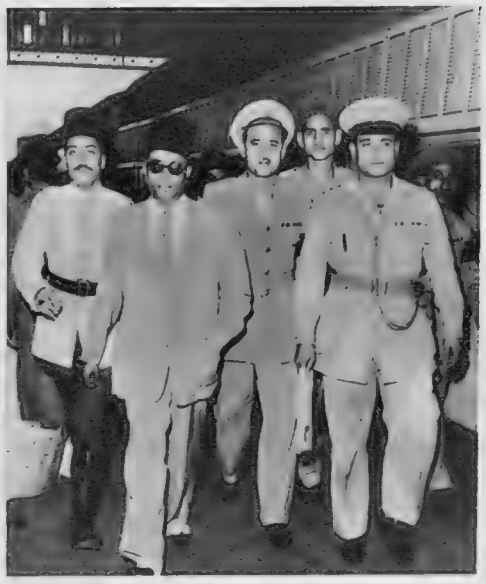
On left—

ADMIRAL MASSIMO GIROSI, COMMANDER OF THE ITALIAN FLEET, IS PIPED ABOARD ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN'S FLAGSHIP H.M.S. "GLASGOW": Admiral Girosi was paying a courtesy call following the arrival of H.M.S. *Glasgow* at Naples with twenty-five other units of the British Mediterranean Fleet. This was Admiral Mountbatten's first official visit to Naples since he became Commander-in-Chief in May. The British Mediterranean Fleet has an historic link with the port of Naples, stretching back to the days when Nelson was the Commander-in-Chief and rendered services to the Court of the two Sicilies.

On right—

INDIA'S PRESIDENT HONOURED IN NARKANDA: Dr. Rajendra Prasad drove through this triumphal arch of staves when he visited one of the towns of the hill province of Himachel Pradesh, in the Punjab.

HE DEVOUT MUSLIM WHO NOW RULES THE DESTINIES OF THE EGYPTIAN NATION : General Mohamed Neguib seen with Vice-Premier Soliman Hafez when bowing over their mats in prayer in the General's office at Army Headquarters, Cairo. Whether at home, at the office, or on their round of public duties neither the Premier nor the Vice-Premier miss any of the five prayers which Muslims say every day.

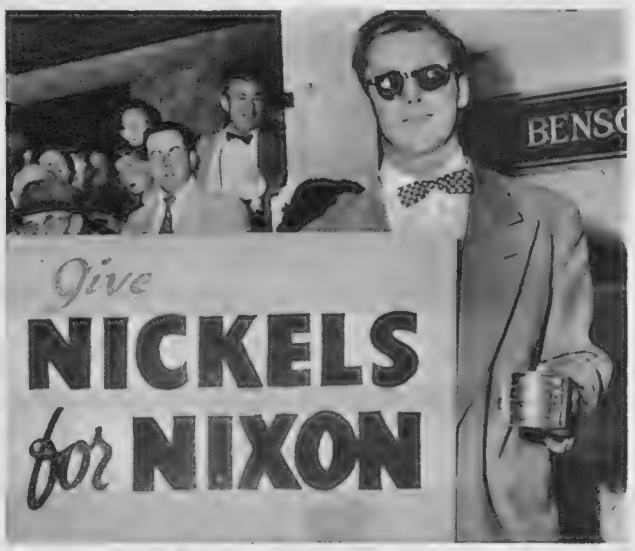


THE NEW ORDER AT WORK IN EGYPT : *Left*—Dr. Tahu Abdel Motaal (in dark glasses), a former Egyptian Finance Minister, under escort on arrival at Cairo from Alexandria. Motaal returned to Egypt from Turkey voluntarily and surrendered himself to the Army. *Right*—Adly Lamlum, scion of a family of wealthy land-owners, being brought to trial before a Military Court at Minia, Southern Egypt. Lamlum and eight followers were charged with firing sub-machine-guns at the police station in the southern village of Paghagha. At the same time, Lamlum shouted that the new law which limits property to 200 acres per person would be enforced over his dead body. Lamlum's prosecutor asked for the death sentence.

HE BOUNDING PERSONALITY OF SENATOR RICHARD NIXON, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES, IS EVIDENCED IN THIS PICTURE FROM PORTLAND, OREGON, AS HE ADDRESSED A BUMPER AUDIENCE DURING HIS CAMPAIGN TOUR : Three days later Senator Nixon interrupted his tour to deliver a television broadcast on a nation-wide hook-up, in which he explained the fund set up by his supporters to help him sustain his role as a Senator. This expenses fund, of which he had drawn £6,430, had been headline news for nearly a week when Senator Nixon finally went to Wheeling, West Virginia, to discuss the matter with Mr. Eisenhower, the Republican nominee for the Presidency. Already, however, Mr. Eisenhower had indicated that he and the Republican Party would stick by Mr. Nixon. Some of America's leading columnists were inclined to give both Mr. Nixon and Mr. Eisenhower "a rough ride" for their actions during this week of crisis.

A CANDIDATE ON THE RUN! This would probably be a Democrat's description of this picture of the Republican nominee Mr. Eisenhower, as he dashed through the rain at Jefferson City, Missouri, the home state of Mr. Truman. Mr. Eisenhower had left his campaign train to make a long-distance phone call regarding the Nixon case, which was beginning to loom disturbingly large on the political horizon in the United States.

WHERE GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR GOES TO WORK—ROCKLEDGE, THE PALATIAL RESIDENCE ON A THIRTY-ACRE ESTATE AT ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT, WHERE THE GENERAL OCCUPIES A GROUND-FLOOR STUDY IN THE EXECUTIVES CLUB OF REMINGTON RAND INCORPORATED : As chairman of the Board of Remington Rand, MacArthur drives out to Rockledge from his suite in the Waldorf Towers in Manhattan. The house, described in the American Press as General MacArthur's hide-away office, was bought during the days of the depression from a former President of U.S. Steel. Nowadays MacArthur is making few public appearances.



A DEMOCRATIC REACTION TO THE NIXON CASE : A young Democrat, wearing dark glasses and carrying a collecting-box, mockingly begs passers-by in Portland, Oregon, to give nickels for Nixon, the Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency. In this and a host of other ways Democratic supporters sought to cash in on the disclosures.

THE CRUMBLING BUT ONCE IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS OF NALUT, ABOUT 140 MILES SOUTH-WEST OF TRIPOLI, WHICH TH BERBER TRIBESMEN STILL USE AS A GRANARY: Although the old Berber houses of the fortress are now in ruin the tribesmen still use the tiny caves, hollowed out of the walls and ramparts centuries ago, for storing thei meagre harvests. The larder fortress was built when the Berbers were victims of frequent raids by other tribe

THE LARDER FORTRESS OF NALUT

A Half-ruined Stronghold in Tripolitania Where the Tribesmen Still Hoard Their Crops

Perched on the plateau of a mountain at Nalut, near the frontier between Tripolitania and Tunisia, is an old, half-ruined fortress, with tiny caves hollowed out of the inner walls and ramparts. In these caves the Berber tribesmen of the district still store their meagre harvests, mostly of wheat, dates and olive-oil.

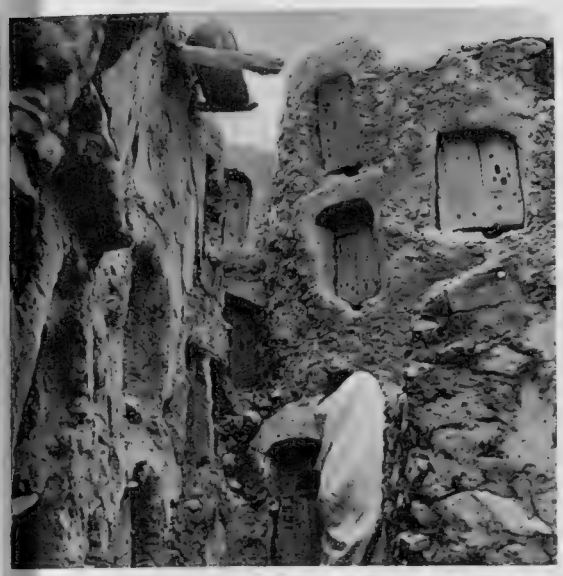
This larder fortress, having the appearance of a gigantic honeycomb fitted with wooden doors, has served the mountain tribesmen well. Cool in the fierce heat of the summer, these caves, whose average size is 10 ft. long by 3 ft. high, make ideal storerooms for food from which the Berbers can draw supplies if the rains fail and the expected harvest shrivels in the blazing sun.

A BERBER GIRL AND HER BROTHERS WHO STILL LIVE AMONGST THE RUINS ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP: These are the children of the guardian of the fortress. The girl's chin and lower lip are decorated with a curious tattoo. After marriage she will be veiled.

Years ago the Berbers here were constantly raided by other tribes, who carried off their young women, their sheep, goats and camels. They decided to leave the plains and take refuge on the mountain plateau. Here they built their fortress larder, stocking it with food sufficient to withstand a siege lasting months. Only one family lived within its walls, that of their sheikh. Around their fortress warehouse the Berbers built a town of stone to shelter the 6,000 members of the tribe, and so impregnable was this stronghold that on one occasion thirty men were able to hold off an attack by 1,000 raiders, simply by rolling boulders on them from above each time the attackers attempted to scale the mountainside.

During periods of peace, the mountain men descended to the plains below, together with the

RISING ABOVE THE RUINS OF THE BERBER HOUSES THE FORTRESS LARDER STILL STANDS INTACT: The agriculturists of this area now live in security from the attacks of marauding tribesmen, but they still store their crops in the caves hollowed out of these walls. They are a poor people struggling to win a living from the arid plains below.



A HEAVILY CLOAKED BERBER WOMAN STANDING BEFORE THE FAMILY STORAGE CAVE : She would not open the door of the cave while the photographer was about, for fear that the "evil eye" (the lens) of his camera would spoil her valuable store of grain and dates.

THE HALF-RUINED BERBER HOUSES OF THE FORTRESS STILL CLING PRECARIOUSLY TO THE MOUNTAINSIDE : Once these were sturdy walls sheltering more than 6,000 members of the tribe from the attacks of fierce nomads. To-day the fortress is silent and deserted but for the watchman and his family.

strongest women and girls, and while the men formed a defensive perimeter, the womenfolk gathered what food they could or sowed small, scattered patches of cereals, hoping that the tiny crop would not attract the plunderers and making it difficult and unworthy to gather. So excellent was their system of scouts, look-outs and signalling, that the Nalut tribesmen and their women workers were back safely in their stronghold before the raiders appeared. Gradually the Nalut Berbers increased until their numbers were more than a match for would-be attackers, and they boldly descended to farm on the plain without fear.

A PRETTY BERBER GIRL WHO LIVES AMONG THE RUINS OF THE MOUNTAIN TOWN AT NALUT : Her hair is long and uncombed and her clothes crudely stitched, but, like most of her people, she is strong and reasonably healthy. Her father is the watchman.

But although they have allowed their mountain houses to fall into ruins, they still retain their faith in the fortress larder at Nalut.

The fortress to-day is guarded not by the sheikh but by an old watchman and his son, who have sixteen children between them. Instead of money they receive a tithe from the 1,000-odd cave-holders, each giving a kilo of wheat, barley, dates or a cup of olive-oil on pre-arranged days. The watchman also receives nine goats each year, bought collectively by the storers.

Only bits of wire or wooden pegs keep the cave doors closed, for to lock one's store with a padlock would be a scandal and an insult which could be erased only by blood.

SOME OF THE TRIBESMEN VISITING THEIR CAVES IN A "STREET" OF THE FORTRESS LARDER : The caves lie one on top of the other from "street"-level to the very tops of the walls. Stakes projecting from the walls are used to hoist stores to the entrances of the upper caves. In the foreground lies a great jar used for storing oil.

THE WATCHMAN OF THE LARDER FORTRESS WITH MEMBERS OF HIS LARGE FAMILY : He and his son, who shares his vigil, have sixteen children between them, and the family are now the only occupants of this grim reminder of the days when whole tribes lived by robbing and pillaging the settled agriculturists who toiled on the plains.

THE FIRST VOLCANO IN THE PACIFIC BASIN EAST OF HAWAII IN HISTORIC TIMES: Smoke pouring from the crater of the new volcano on uninhabited San Benedicto Island, 780 miles south of San Diego, California. It has been belching smoke and lava every twenty minutes since it was observed in September by Dr. Robert S. Dietz, geologist of the U.S. Navy Electronics Laboratory, San Diego. In seven weeks it has added over 1,000 ft. to its height above the sea.

NEW VOLCANOES IN THE PACIFIC

San Benedicto Erupts Every Twenty Minutes and Raises Its Height by Over 1,000 ft.—The New Island Volcano South of Japan

SMOKE BILLOWING SKYWARD FROM THE CRATER OF SAN BENEDICTO: This picture, which was published in "The Sphere" of September 27, shows the increased activity which takes place every twenty minutes round the crater of the newly-located active volcano in the Eastern Pacific.

New volcanoes are no rarity in the Pacific, but San Benedicto, in the Revillagigedo Group of Mexico, is unique in modern times, in view of its position east of the line of longitude of Hawaii. All the new volcanoes have of late appeared in the Western Pacific, including one near the Bayonaissa Reefs, 150 miles south of Tokyo. Some months ago another new volcano made its appearance, being seen for the first time by American flyers when making an ocean crossing north of the Philippines. In the days that followed, its speedy growth was a revelation, but it often happens that these newly-emerging islands are washed away by the ocean. This may well take place on the Bayonaissa Reefs.

THE BIRTH OF AN ISLAND: Smoke and sulphuric fumes billowing from the depths of the Pacific Ocean six miles from the Bayonaissa Reefs, which lie 150 miles south of Tokyo. A daily reconnaissance over the area will doubtless reveal for the time being a steady increase in the size of the new island, which is reported to be about 1 mile wide and 1½ miles long. In the centre of the volcano two black bumps, resembling the humps of a camel, are noticeable when a break momentarily occurs in the dense clouds of smoke. The surrounding sea-water has a temperature of 51 degrees Fahrenheit.

A New Control Tower for an American Airport and Other News Items from

SKYWAYS AND AIRFIELDS

THE DEDICATION SERVICE FOR THE NEW CONTROL TOWER AT NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT : The tower is 150 ft. high and is believed to be the tallest in the world. It has a steel frame construction with concrete flooring and cost 1,000,000 dollars to build. The radar and radio equipment was installed by the Civil Aeronautics Administration, who are operating the tower. The dedication of the tower marks one more stage in the development of the airport. Construction first began ten years ago in 1942, and it was then called Idlewild Airport. Renamed New York International, it first opened for business in 1948.

THE VIEW OVER NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT FROM THE NINTH STOREY OF WHAT IS CLAIMED TO BE THE WORLD'S TALLEST CONTROL TOWER : The whole of the ninth floor is occupied with radar and radio equipment installed by the Civil Aeronautics Administration. Its total value is estimated to be 600,000 dollars. There are three types of radar, fifteen radio receivers, two radio transmitters and seventy-five telephone lines. The two men in the picture are operating a radarscope. Radar equipment for observing traffic on the ground (known as surface detection) is new to New York airports. The control tower, which cost 1,000,000 dollars to build, was recently dedicated at a service held on the airfield. The airfield covers 4,900 acres.

AIRCRAFT ARE AGAIN ABLE TO LAND ON TYPHOON-DEVASTATED WAKE ISLAND : The aircraft carried workmen who have begun salvage operations on this stricken Pacific island. The typhoon hit the island with gusts of wind which reached 136 m.p.h. The twisted wreckage of the Pan-American Airways station shown in this picture bears testimony to the strength of the typhoon. The living quarters of 600 people were blown to pieces.

On right—

A DOUGLAS SKY RAIDER TAKES OFF FROM THE FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. "EAGLE" : The Sky Raider is an improvement on the American aircraft, the AD 3. The dome-like structure between the wings contains a radar scanner device and the aircraft is used to give advance warning of enemy movement. H.M.S. *Eagle* was taking part in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation's amphibious exercise "Mainbrace," which drew to a close last week. Last Saturday General Ridgway and Admiral McCormick attended a conference in H.M.S. *Eagle* at Oslo. There the exercise was discussed by them and representatives of the nations taking part.

AN INDUSTRIAL ASPECT OF SHERWOOD FOREST, FAR REMOVED FROM THE MERRIE ENGLAND CONCEPTION: Coalmines and slag-heaps now cover parts of this favourite hunting ground of the Plantagenet Kings. The invasion of new collieries in recent years has been considerable, as the need for coal drives the mines farther eastwards across the Midlands.

THE FIGHT FOR SHERWOOD FOREST

Here are Glimpses of the Merrie England of Ancient Days, but the Forest has More Sinister Aspects Too, not Least the Depredations of the British Army

By JOHN MAY

WITH DRAWINGS BY JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

UNDER the greenwood tree of Sherwood strange changes have come since Robin Hood roistered there six centuries ago. Deeper down than the roots of even the mightiest oak, men have unearthed new wealth more sought-after than gold. Where Robin once hunted, foresters have set new, sinister-looking plantations. Soldiery have come, too, with tin tents, with weapons even more deadly than the famed longbow, and dogs that hunt not deer but men.

And yet "Robyn Hode," who "wente hym forthe full mery syngynge," is not forgotten, nor is his spirit dead. His name is everywhere. Merry England clouts mightily at a cricket ball on the green on sunny summer days. Villagers dance and the May Queen holds Court around a gaily-striped maypole. And at dusk lone poachers and escorted Maid Marions still melt into the shadows of the woodlands.

Not that the Forest is only trees. Townsfolk travelling on A 60 and A 614 are apt to forget that the ten-miles-wide Sherwood, stretching originally from Nottingham 25 miles northwards towards Doncaster, was not only oak, silver birch, foxgloves and golden bracken, but also included great areas of purple, heather-covered open moorland—as treeless as the deer forests of Scotland. What now remains of this favourite hunting-ground of Plantagenet kings, set between the high gritstone moors of the Peak and the green vale of the River Trent, is striving for freedom against a queer combination of invaders.

The British Army is the worst and the most wantonly untidy. During the war part of Sherwood Forest was a huge ammunition dump. Red-and-white poles on trestles still bar the way down leafy woodland lanes. Entanglements of rusting barbed wire surround ugly, black, cylindrical corrugated-iron huts marring the sweep of now-cultivated parkland. "*No Admission Without Permission*" peremptory noticeboards say. Or, more grimly, with a badly-drawn skull and crossbones for emphasis: "*Danger. Ammunition. Curiosity Can Kill You.*"

On side turnings near Thoresby and Welbeck the motorist can easily lose himself among new, unmapped roads made by the Army. At the next corner he may find a laconic civilian guard, lolling in a hut. "Nobody gets past," one said a few weeks back. "If they do, we got 'phones. Roll on the war in Korea—I hope this job lasts till I'm sixty!" And if anyone ventures after dark into forbidden territory—as some do accidentally and others in search of brass for the black market—he is likely to be attacked by a patrolling Alsatian guard dog, trained to kill.

THE MAJOR OAK, A GIANT OF SHERWOOD FOREST: This tree at Edwinstowe has a trunk 31 ft. in circumference and a span of 240 ft. across its branches. Within the base of the hollow trunk there is space for twelve men to stand. It is said to be the largest oak in England.

Visitors and locals, rich and poor alike, feel strongly that it is time the Army decamped. Or, if it is to stay, that at least it should make a vigorous campaign of clearing up the hideous mess it has made which has lain around, ugly and deadly, for so long.

And yet Sherwood survives. The invasion of new collieries that has come to it, as the need for coal drives the mines ever deeper and farther eastwards across the Midlands, is better tolerated than the Army, because mining brings local prosperity, and in a dark, satanic way the slag-heaps and the pit-head winding gear are starkly picturesque. Sixty acres of forest was cleared for Thoresby Colliery, north of the Ollerton-Mansfield road, when the shafts were sunk twenty-five years ago. The red-brick mining settlement at Edwinstowe is neat and pleasant, and Thoresby has become famous as the most mechanised mine in Britain.

From a rich 6-ft. seam known as "Top Hard" (or, in Yorkshire, as the "Barnsley Bed"), over ten tons of coal pour out of a single shaft every minute-and-a-half for fifteen hours a day. At the face, where half a mile below the present Sherwood another greenwood grew millions of years before, there are no picks and shovels. And yet, with 250 men there instead of 1,000, reorganisation and

CONIFER PLANTATIONS IN SHERWOOD FOREST AND IN THE BACKGROUND A SLAG-HEAP: With the Enclosure Acts of the eighteenth century came the disappearance of much of Sherwood Forest, which at one time covered nearly one-fifth of the County of Nottingham. The chief remnant of the old forest now is the area known as The Dukeries.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NEAR NOTTINGHAM, THE FORMER HOME OF LORD BYRON: Newstead Abbey was originally founded to the south-west of Sherwood Forest by Henry II in 1170 as a priory of black canons, in penance for the murder of Thomas à Becket. At the dissolution of the monasteries, it was granted by Henry VIII to Sir John Byron, then lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, and remained in the possession of that family until 1818, when it passed through various hands until in 1931 it was presented to the Corporation of Nottingham. The chapter house, a structure of great beauty on the east side of the cloisters, is now used as a chapel and is open to the public every Sunday. The lovely west front is all that now remains of the old abbey church and is in the early English style with very delicate ornamental work. The Abbot's apartments were later those occupied by Byron and are now carefully kept in the same state as when used by the poet. Apartments named after Edward III, Henry VII and Charles II, richly hung with tapestries, are said to have been occupied respectively by these monarchs when visiting the Abbey. Among the paintings in the grand salon is the celebrated Exhibition portrait of Lord Byron, by Philips. Dr. Livingstone's cap and swords are also preserved there. The wooded undulating grounds stretch over sixty acres, with two ornamental sheets of water and a monument to Lord Byron's dog Boatswain near the house.

mechanisation has raised Thoresby's output from 16,000 to 27,000 tons weekly. Visitors come from America, Australia, Europe and even China to see this mining-by-machine, and the only black mark against it is the near-by "petrified forest" of dead and dying trees, said to be caused by fumes from the slag-heaps.

Sherwood elsewhere grows green, taking little heed of lesser, even more unexpected, underground invasions. Amid certain of its sandy meadows are queer "animals" that would have puzzled Robin Hood and taken no notice at all of his arrows. Known locally as "nodding donkeys," they are the counter-weighted oscillating beams of electrical pumps that fetch up crude oil from England's largest and most important oil-field. The village of Eakring, half-a-dozen miles due west of Mansfield, is its centre, and Duke's Wood, a little farther south, is characteristically the name of its most productive area so far.

Natural petroleum was in use centuries earlier than most motorists realise. Pitch was worked in England by the Romans, and tar springs in Shropshire were used for medicinal purposes in the Middle Ages. Oil-soaked peat was dug in Lancashire for fire-lighters, and seepings in Midland coal-mines were used to oil axles. The submarine threat of 1914-18 started serious searching for oil in Britain. Then the D'Arcy Exploration Company (founded by W. K. D'Arcy, who was the first concessionnaire in Persia in 1901), working as the exploration subsidiary of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, started a major drilling programme in 1936 and struck oil at Sherwood in 1939.

There were no gushers. Each of more than 200 "nodding donkeys" to-day raises and lowers a string of steel sucker rods which operate a deep pumping device. Injections elsewhere of thousands of gallons of water daily drive the oil faster to the pumps. The top end of each well tube has to be electrically heated to remove wax which settles out. The process is undramatic. But in all, and largely from the eastern edge of the Sherwood Forest area, production of crude oil and gasoline in the United Kingdom so far has amounted to roughly 750,000 tons.

Even less conspicuous nearer Nottingham is cosy little Calverton, where William Lee started the world's knitwear industry when he invented the hand stocking frame 363 years ago while watching his wife knitting to help support the family. One village factory there exports warm cashmere hose to New Zealand, Australia, and even to the U.S.A.—despite the chilly glamour of nylon! Many of its hundred hands are descended from cottage frame-knitters. "My great-grandfather knitted on a frame in this house until he was ninety," one of the staff said. "And his son carried on using it until ten years ago."

THE WINDING GEAR OF THE COLLIERY AT CALVERTON: Nottinghamshire has given a lead to the rest of England in modern mining techniques, and some of her collieries are considered the most up-to-date in the world.

Cottages at Calverton still have the typical long downstairs window designed to give maximum light for working the stocking frames. Cows in the Eakring meadows munch grass undisturbed by the "nodding donkey" in its little paddock. Sherwood in these parts is as peaceful as ever. But northwards, at Bawtrey and elsewhere, the Forestry Commission has its packed and regimented parades of pine, spruce and larch that give a modern, mass-production, utility meaning to the word "forest." It was at Bawtrey at the beginning of September that five miles of the Great North Road were closed and traffic diverted when fire swept through a third of the 700 acres of "Christmas-tree farm." Twenty-five fire engines were called, hundreds of troops and airmen dug trenches to stop the flames, the R.A.F. sent a spotter plane to co-operate with police "walkie-talkie" sets, the Forestry Commission rammed avenues through the blazing trees with bulldozers.

With ammunition, coal, oil, conifers and bracken, such areas of Sherwood are best suited to non-smokers. A notice originally

(Concluded on following page)

THE COUNCIL HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM, WHICH WAS OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1929 : It is a symbol of the new Nottingham, with its many industries occupying part of what was once Sherwood Forest. The growth of the population from less than 30,000 in 1800 to ten times that number to-day is perhaps the best indication of Nottingham's spectacular development since the industrial revolution. As a trading centre Nottingham has 800 years of history.

THE FOLLY ARCHWAY BUILT BY "LEATHER BREECHES" PORTLAND 100 YEARS AGO : It is erected in the open fields, and is one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the Sherwood Forest area.

THE FIGHT FOR SHERWOOD FOREST

(*Concluded from previous pages*)

for German prisoners declares at one point: "*Achtung! Rauchen Verboten.*" But there is no ban on drinking during the proper hours, and Friar Tuck himself would not beat some of the miners. The habit of one at Edwinstowe until recently was to consume every Sunday in two sessions *forty pints of mild beer*—and walk out to the bus singing!

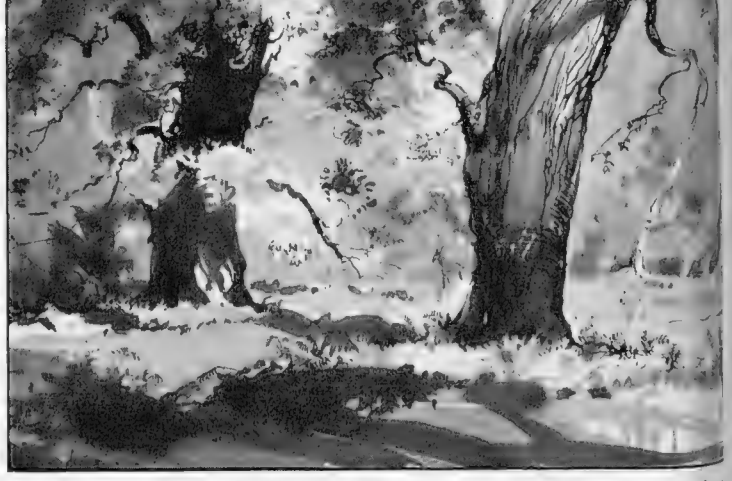
Possibly the most important social change in Sherwood, as elsewhere, since Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries, and Newstead Abbey, in the heart of the Forest, became the home of the Byrons for £800, is the passing in turn of these great houses. Originally there were four dukes in this area: Norfolk at Worksop, Kingston at Thoresby, Portland at Welbeck, and Newcastle at Clumber. Newstead Abbey now belongs to the City of Nottingham. The mansion in Clumber Park (where Clumber spaniels originated) was demolished in 1937. Rufford Abbey, too, is due for demolition. Welbeck Abbey is an Army college, but Thoresby—decked now at the start of October with the fiery autumn reds of its creepers and owned by Earl Manvers—is still a residence.

The greenwood remains. Through the National Trust the northern portion of Clumber Park is now open for the first time to the public. Nottinghamshire's well-made roads, wide-verged so that the coaches of old could skirt the ruts and mud in winter, bring people in hundreds from miles around by car to fish the Clumber lake, to watch the lively Sunday cricket (365 runs achieved at Ollerton one July afternoon in three hours!), and to see the Whitsuntide country dancing taking place round the Maypole at Wellow.

Robin Hood hardly needs the brave new bronze statue outside Nottingham Castle. He is remembered in ballads, stories, opera and film. *Ivanhoe's* Locksley, with glittering baldric and rich bugle-horn, is merely Robin in another guise. Better for memory's sake to send away the Army's unholy guard dogs from the cathedral-like avenue of giant beech trees at the cross-roads, order their tanks to exercise for a change on the slag-heaps instead of desecrating the broad acres of moorland, and pull down in the night the unsightly "war ag." hostel behind the level greensward of the cricket-field!

With excruciating dignity, a guide-book recently said of the City of Nottingham's deserved prosperity: "Cigarettes, cosmetics and aspirins will never collapse—they are a deep-rooted part of our English way of life." If Robin Hood's "Major Oak" could read, what a laugh it would get from that! Robin himself, with Maid Marion, Tuck and Little John, Allan-a-Dale, and all his merry men, gathered in its tremendous shade. No better rouge for the cheek can be had than a walk in the morning freshness to see it, no better soothing for modern nerves or headache than to gaze on its iron-bound branches and gigantic girth (twelve can stand inside), so deep-rooted that so far its life has spanned a period of 1,400 years.

Though jackdaws squawk among the branches, Sherwood lives lustily on in these modern days!



A SUNNY GLADE IN SHERWOOD FOREST : Here Robin Hood might have gathered with his men in the days when they held the wealthy to ransom and officialdom to scorn. These oaks are now grown old and wrinkled. The bark of many is furrowed with fantastic designs.

MESSRS. COGGAN AND COMPANY'S HOSE FACTORY AT CALVERTON, NOTTS : It was in this small village that the first stocking-making machine was invented by the Rev. William Lee, Vicar of Calverton, and subsequently the village became a centre of the hosiery industry. Lee gave up his ministry for his new venture, but he was refused patent rights by both Queen Elizabeth and James I. He was promised better conditions in France, and took some of his men and machines to Rouen, but again missed his due reward, and he died in very poor circumstances in 1610. In Calverton stockingers still work with their hand frames in the old traditional fashion.

A VILLAGE CRICKET MATCH AT EDWINSTOWE : The Nissen hut is a reminder of wartime days in Sherwood Forest when the forest constituted a vital arms dump for the forces, and a reminder, too, of the Army's continuing sojourn in the area, a cause of much local controversy. Edwinstowe, on the River Maun, is the gateway to some of the loveliest haunts in the forest. The Bolsover Colliery have a pit at Edwinstowe, and there they have built a large number of houses for their miners.

SHERWOOD FOREST

ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE ORIGINAL CLUMBER HALL : The Clumber Park Estate in Sherwood is now owned by the National Trust, on whose behalf it is managed by the Clumber Estate Committee, of which the Nottinghamshire County Council is a constituent authority. Plans were made this year for additional areas of Clumber to be de-requisitioned and made available to the public. These have been used for ammunition storage.

SAND FROM THE FOREST LANDS : In this drawing Jack Merriott shows one of the Bulwell quarries in Sherwood Forest. This is yet another example of the changes that have been wrought in the Forest by modern industry, and which have in so many places tended to rob it of its old-time charm.

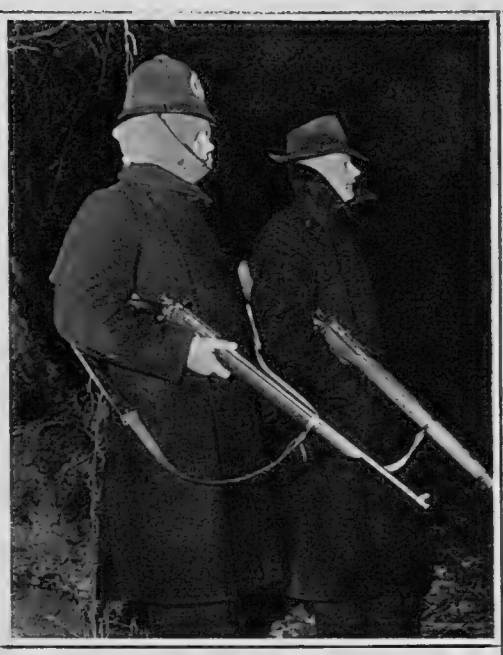
On right—

THE CUCKOO BIRCH IS ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF THE FOREST : This is a birch tree which has grown to full stature in the top of an oak tree stump. The ancient dead oak is preserved from decay by being cemented and bricked up within the cleft in the massive trunk.

Below—

AN OIL-WELL IN A HAYFIELD AT EAKRING : In the background is the Kirklington Hall Research Station of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Production of crude oil and gasoline at Eakring has been on a fair scale, and twice during the war it exceeded 20,000 tons in a year. The major drilling problem of D'Arcy Exploration began in 1936 and struck oil in Sherwood in 1939.

1.—THE THICKLY FORESTED UREWERA COUNTRY OF NEW ZEALAND, WHERE THE MANHUNT TOOK PLACE: After a search lasting a week George Baddiley and Robert Howe, two prisoners who had escaped while being transferred from Wellington to Auckland, were recaptured on the road seen in the centre of this picture. A third escapee was tracked down a few days later. Baddiley and Howe were armed with a rifle and a small supply of ammunition. The story of their recapture is told in the following pictures.



2.—POLICE ON WATCH FOR THE ESCAPED CRIMINALS: They are armed with ·303 rifles and one of them wears a woollen hood against the cold. His helmet is standard New Zealand police style.

3.—ARMED SPECIAL CONSTABLES ARRIVE AT THE SPOT WHERE THE CRIMINALS WERE SEEN: Arthur Tulloch, storekeeper of the village of Ruatahuna, who was largely responsible for the men's recapture, is seen directing the police car to the spot where the men were hiding.

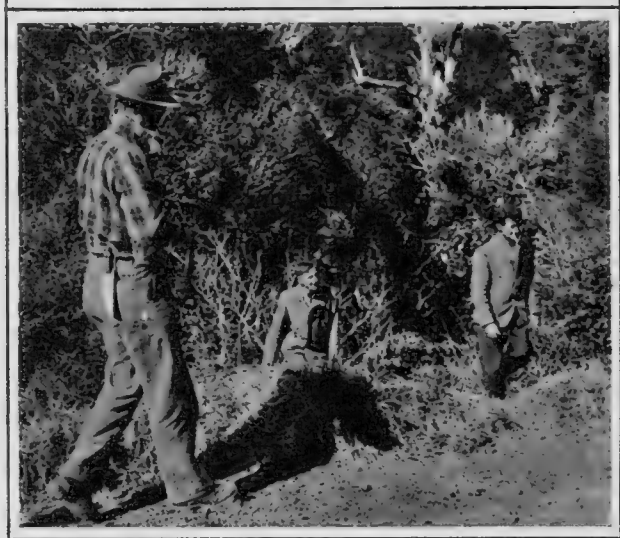
MANHUNT IN NEW ZEALAND

The Story in Pictures of the Recapture of Two Armed Criminals in the Forests of the North Island

4.—EX-CONSTABLE GRAINGER AND A MAORI ASSISTANT RUNNING FROM THE CAR: The fugitives were hiding in the bush near by. They were armed and desperate, and the police had been authorised to use their guns if necessary.

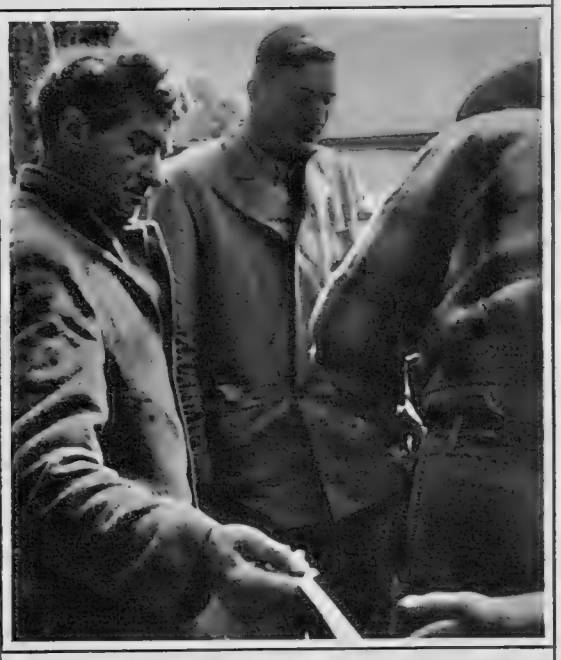
5.—THE SEARCH PARTY SPREADING OUT ALONG THE ROAD: Arthur Tulloch is seen (centre) pointing out the spot where the men dived into the tangled undergrowth. For a while the policemen could not see or hear anything, then ex-Constable Grainger heard a twig snap.

6.—EX-CONSTABLE GRAINGER SPOTS THE FUGITIVES: They were hiding 20 ft. down the slope on the right. Baddiley was holding his rifle in front of him. It took him fully two minutes to make up his mind to surrender.



7.—HOWE LEADS BADDILEY OUT OF THE BUSH TO SURRENDER TO THE POLICE: This was the end of a week living in the forest, with no food or shelter. Baddiley, who had carried the rifle, seemed to be amused when he saw the photographer.

8.—A POLICE OFFICER PUTTING HANDCUFFS ON HOWE (CENTRE) AND BADDILEY: Neither of them offered further resistance. This was the only clothing they had to protect them from the bitter cold.



9.—HOWE HANDING OVER HIS KNIFE BEFORE STARTING ON THE JOURNEY BACK TO PRISON: Three rounds of ·303 ammunition were found in Baddiley's pocket.

A bus carrying seventeen long-term prisoners from Wellington to Auckland, a two-day journey, was passing through a fifteen-mile stretch of the dense Atiamuri Forest in the high, rugged centre of the North Island of New Zealand. According to a Prisons' Department custom, all the personal property found on a prisoner at the time of his arrest is transferred with him. Three rifles were in this personal luggage on the bus, but the bolts had been removed. Overlooked by the authorities were two rounds of ammunition in the cleaning cavity of the butt of one rifle. During the journey three prisoners made a sudden attack on the guards. One guard was hit over the head and fell unconscious. The other was beaten by two prisoners and was dazed. The driver stopped the bus and fled into the bushes at the side of the road, while the three escapees grabbed the rifle containing the ammunition and frantically tried to get a bolt for it from the guards' luggage. One guard, however, revived and fired at them as they ran off.

The men who escaped were George Baddiley, Robert Howe and Frederick Johnson. They walked twenty-four miles through the forest area, stole a light van and some food from a village, and set off through the Urewera Country towards the port of Napier, where they hoped to get a ship out of the country. They called into the village of Ruatahuna and bought petrol and food from Arthur Tulloch, a storekeeper. They very soon found a bolt for the rifle in a broken-down truck a few miles past Ruatahuna.

Four days later their camp near a disused side road was surprised by the police, but they shook off their pursuers in the thick woods. It was not until a week after their escape that a motorist spotted Baddiley and Howe outside the area patrolled by police. Johnson, the third escapee, had been lost in the forest.

The rest of the story is told by a New Zealand Press photographer, who joined the storekeeper Tulloch in keeping watch for the men while the police were on their way.

"Tulloch and I hid in a bush overlooking a field which we guessed the two fugitives would cross. An hour passed before they arrived, and we discovered later that they had been breaking into a house that Tulloch had forgotten about, a hundred yards away. Tulloch spotted them fifty yards down the road. We tried to get up on a small hill near by where we could overlook the whole scene, but soon we heard a car coming up the hill towards them. This was the old Model A belonging to C. E. Grainger, who had only recently retired as a police constable. He brought with him armed police and special constables.

"Tulloch pointed out the spot where he had last seen the men. I was right behind Grainger when he saw a movement in the bushes and he called on them to come out. He told Baddiley to 'drop that rifle or I'll drop you like a maggot!' Baddiley paused for a while and then tossed his rifle into the bush.

"With that it was clear that resistance was over. The two fugitives, covered by police rifles, were disarmed and handcuffed and driven back to Ruatahuna. Johnson was recaptured a few days later."

MODERN ARCHITECTURE
IN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA

Flats on "Stilts"; the First Aluminium School, and a Prize-winning House—All Developments of the Post-war Era

FLATS ON "LEGS"—A RECENTLY-COMPLETED BLOCK OF FLATS IN WEST LONDON: This block of flats, put up under the Paddington Housing Scheme, is situated on the Hallfield Estate in Bishopsbridge Road. The first ten-storey block has now been occupied. The use of varying materials, such as glazed tiles, pre-cast concrete slabs, and different coloured brickwork, has helped to give the block an out-of-the-ordinary appearance, and the usually monotonous look of the access balconies has been broken up. This block contains eighty flats, and eventually there will be six more and eight six-storey blocks grouped round a sequence of large courtyards, and providing 666 flats in all. Another block built on "stilts" is situated just opposite Sadler's Wells Theatre.

THE FIRST ALUMINIUM SCHOOL IS OPENED ONE YEAR AFTER THE COMMENCEMENT OF CONSTRUCTION: A view of a classroom in the Junior Department of Limbrick Wood County Primary School, Coventry, which is the first school of its type to be built entirely by the Bristol Mark IA method of permanent aluminium unit construction. It is estimated that a Bristol-type building can be erected in one-third of the time taken by any other form of construction, an important point in cases where urgent accommodation needs are held up by lack of man-power and materials. The Mark IA method is the result of seven years' development and design research since the Bristol Aeroplane Co. (Weston) Ltd., first began construction of aluminium buildings.

THE TOILET AND CLOAKROOM ACCOMMODATION IN THE INFANTS' DEPARTMENT AT THE NEW PRIMARY SCHOOL: The design is a vast improvement on the old type of elementary school, the forerunner of the Primary and Secondary Modern Schools. The first pupils were admitted to the new aluminium school about a year after the work of construction began.

A PRIZE-WINNING HOUSE AT TURRAMURRA, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES: This house, built by architect Harry Seidler, who arrived in Australia from Canada four years ago, has just won the John Sulman prize, one of Australia's most important architectural prizes. This view of the front of Mr. Seidler's prize-winning house shows the ramp leading up to the sun lounge (seen in greater detail in the picture *on left*), and underneath a studio, a dark-room, a sports room and garage. The house is elevated above the ground, box-like in shape, with a flat roof and maximum window space. Mr. Seidler built the house for his parents.

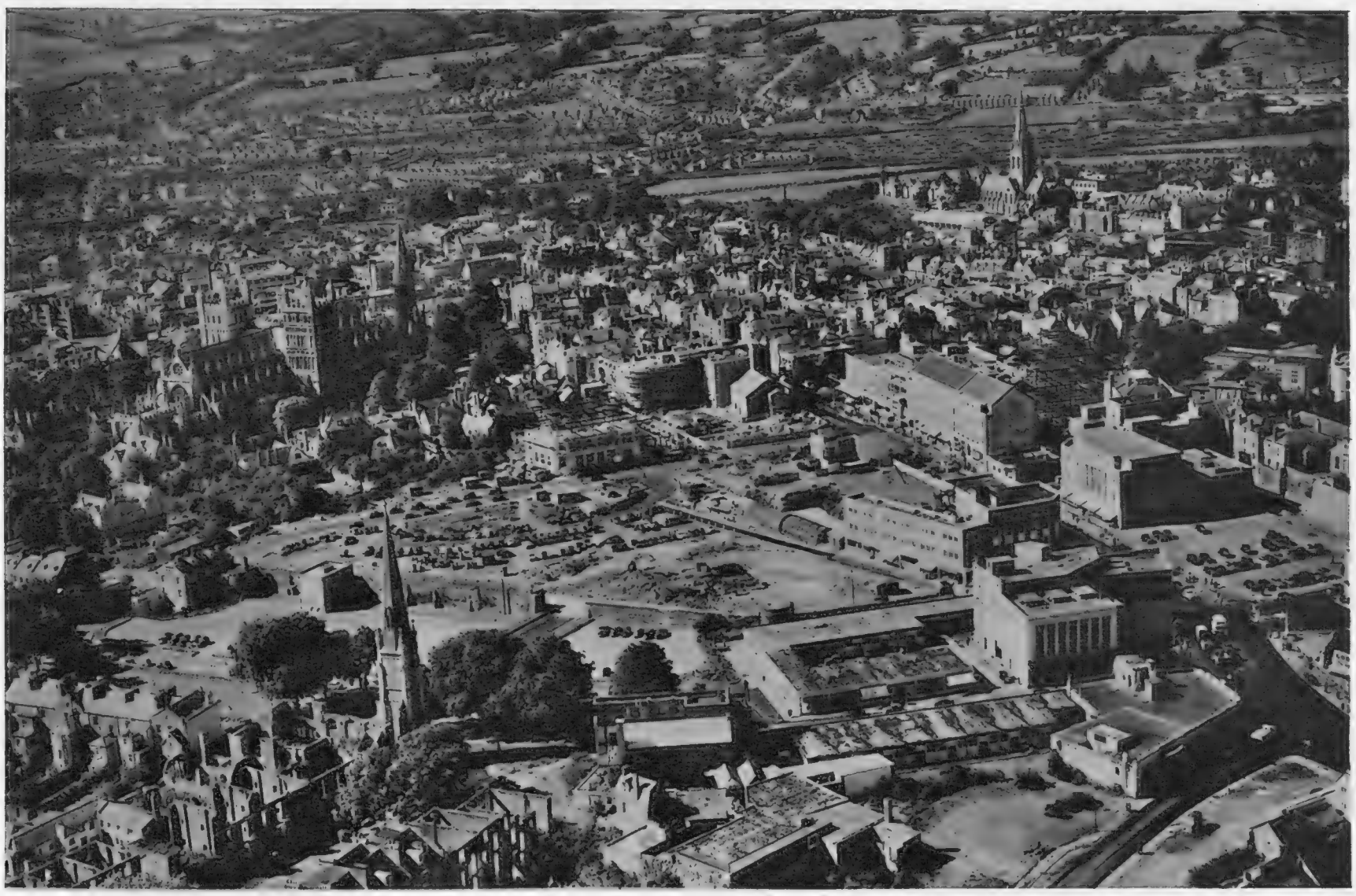
REBUILDING PLYMOUTH AND EXETER

Two West Country Cities Begin to Arise from the Desolation Created by the Luftwaffe

PLYMOUTH'S NEW CITY CENTRE BEGINS TO EMERGE: Shops lining the handsome Royal Parade, one of the two new main thoroughfares which bisect post-war Plymouth. Out of a total of 193 acres of Plymouth, 114 acres were obliterated by bombs in the Second World War. Now Plymouth has been replanned by Mr. J. Paton Watson, the City Engineer, and Sir Patrick Abercrombie. Royal Parade, like Armada Way, is a dual carriageway. No attempt has been made to speed the work of reconstruction in the city centre, the main concentration having been upon the vitally important neighbourhood units on the outskirts. The result of this cautious progress in the City Centre is ensuring a new Plymouth of great dignity.

Below—

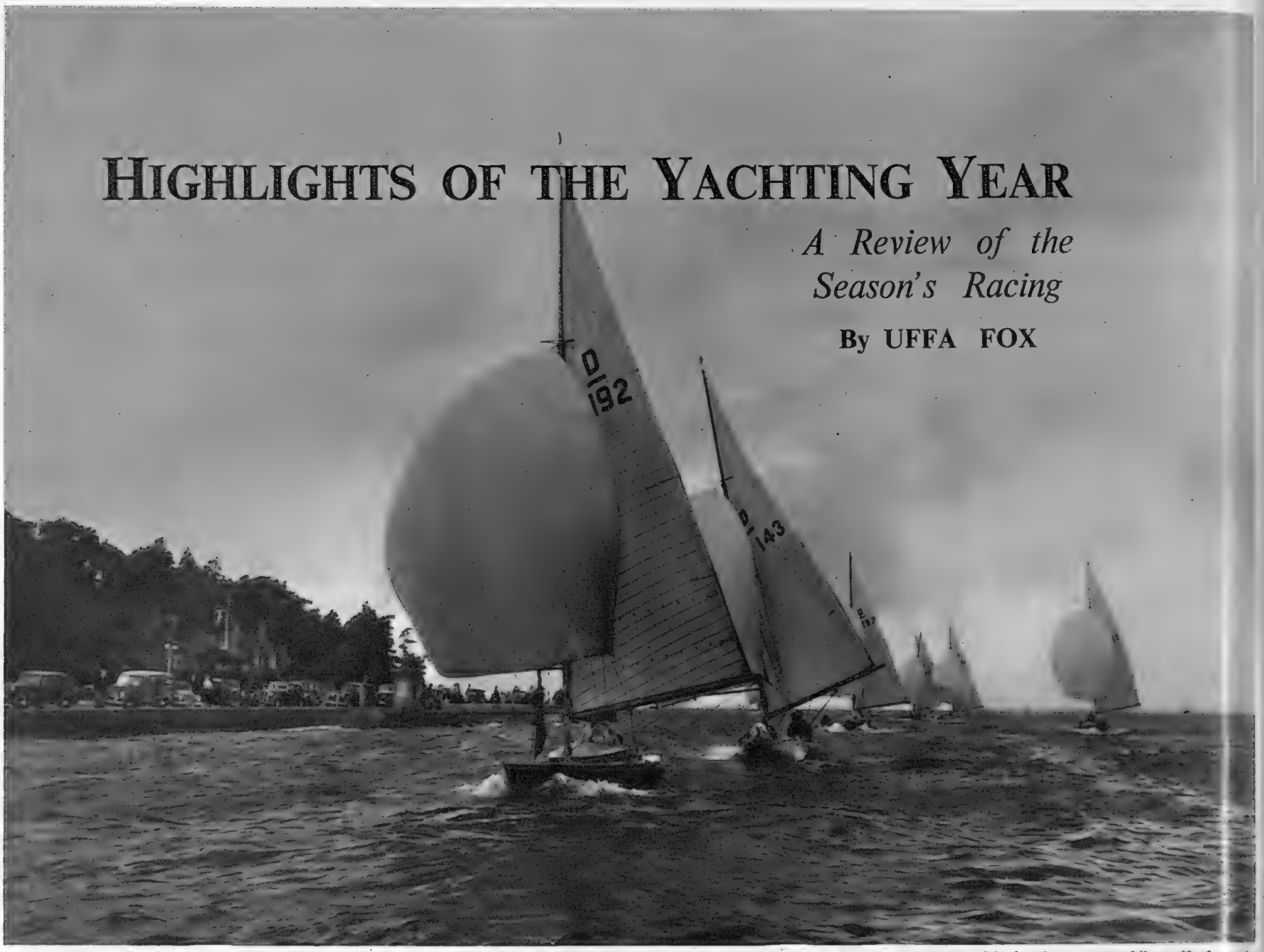
THE NEW EXETER: This aerial view shows on the left the Cathedral, the fabric of which has now been restored following the bombing sustained in the Second World War, and on the right are new blocks of shops and business premises which have been erected along High Street. Five blocks of buildings have been completed on High Street, these including twenty-two shops and a department store. Eleven other shops are under construction and also three banks. Most of the buildings, three or four storeys high, are in red brick with stone facing to the windows, and the aim has been to achieve as much harmony of design as circumstances permit when a variety of architects are serving the interests of a multiplicity of commercial clients.



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YACHTING YEAR

A Review of the Season's Racing

By UFFA FOX



"BLUEBOTTLE," THE YACHT JOINTLY OWNED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, LEADING THE DRAGON FLEET PAST COWES: *Bluebottle* was a wedding gift from the Island Sailing Club. During Cowes Week *Bluebottle* competed with the Duke of Edinburgh at the helm and Uffa Fox as a member of the crew. "The Duke of Edinburgh is not only a first-rate helmsman, but a first-rate seaman," declared Uffa Fox in an interview with "The Sphere" at the time. "It has to be remembered that a great many helmsmen are not very good seamen. The Duke handles his sheets and gear as very few helmsmen are able to do."

LOOKING back over the sailing season of 1952, in Ireland, Scotland and England, my mind is full of pleasant memories but, at the same time, it is deeply impressed by the result of the continuous heavy burden of taxation.

We have won two world wars, and yet, in spite of this, we live the whole time in fear of a third world war that will be even more devastating than the previous two. In a small town of 5,000 people, 27 lost their lives in the fighting services, but 150 civilians were killed by enemy bombs, and the next war will be even more deadly to the civilian population.

The fear of this next war is causing the whole of the world to arm, and the instruments alone in an aeroplane, submarine, destroyer or any other fighting vessel are costly enough to ensure heavy and harsh taxation for all who come after, unless a world-wide halt is called to all this stupidity.

This taxation is borne bravely and cheerfully, as would be a smashed leg, and so in the season now concluding round our coasts everyone enjoyed a joyful season in a smaller boat and did not travel so far. People from the Solent did not visit the Clyde, and the Clyde people did not come south for Cowes Week, so that most of the racing took on a local character.

For the first time we saw the 5.5-metres class in action, in numbers. This class was formed with a view to easing the strain on the pocket of those interested in the International Classes and, broadly speaking, the 5.5-metre is two-thirds of the cost of a 6-metre to build and maintain and needs only a crew of three, instead of five.

Only two 6-metres were racing on the Clyde and only six on the Solent, and before the war these were the smallest of the International Classes. Most of the spectators, having watched the J Class down to the 8-metres race finish would say: "No need to wait for the sixes, they are only little boats"; and now these little boats have become the largest International Class, and very few indeed can afford to run them. For all their cost, however, they will survive quite a number of years yet, because they are such wonderful boats to windward; and there is nothing to-day, of their size, that can stand against them going to windward in a jumble of sea.

There were nine 5.5 metres, a large number for a new class, racing in the Solent, and five of these went to Burnham Week and enjoyed the racing there.

As would be expected in a new class, with designs from various parts of the world, there is a great variation in the hulls of these boats. It will be a year or two before hull design becomes stabilised, but though the boats varied, results were surprisingly close. Generally speaking, the class raced closer together than did the One Design Class such as the Dragon, because all the factors that make for speed have been carefully assessed by the rule makers and punishments were taken by the designers whenever they introduced a feature that made for high speed in the design.

THE 6-METRE "THISTLE," A NOTABLE PERFORMER IN 1952: Her string of prize flags denotes eighteen firsts, eight seconds and three thirds. Only six of these vessels raced on the Solent this year. There were nine 5·5's, and it now seems that this newer class will tend to dominate yacht racing to an increasing degree. The latest of the 5·5's is the Uffa Fox designed *Flavia*, which showed up well at Burnham. Lieut.-Colonel Perry's 5·5 *Unique* represented Britain at Helsinki.

Cowes Week, with its 250 starters a day, produced the greatest number of yachts, as would be expected. Burnham Week, with 200 starters, came next; then the Clyde, with about 100 a day starting, and although Plymouth generally had 150 racing round the courses almost every day, only 50 of these were yachts, while 100 of them were Service boats.

Cowes was interesting too, because the American yawl *Caribbee*, which had just raced across the Atlantic, was there racing every day.

Yachts belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron make their number at the Castle on the occasion of their first visit to Cowes each and every year. The flag officers receive a salute of guns. Past impressions of this have always been of an owner steering with a few friends around him, the sails being handled and trimmed by a paid crew, as the debutante made her curtsey to the R.Y.S. This year, almost every sailing yacht I saw making her number was steered by her owner, whilst his friends, in grey trousers and old pull-overs, handled and trimmed the sails. I thought that if heavy taxation could produce all this, then it is almost worth while—for all these vessels, although handled entirely by amateurs, were sailed every bit as well as in the past.

The inability of yachtsmen, through taxation, to build and maintain large vessels, and the inability of racing vessels to visit far-away places as much as they did in the past, has a moral for the National authorities. It is that if new classes are to flourish and prosper, the rules for the class must be made so that they cost little in the first instance, and their maintenance cost is as low as possible for ever after. Large regattas in distant places should not be planned, as this causes owners extra expense in taking their craft to and from these places. Regattas for the Coronation year should be on the same lines as those for the Festival of Britain year, with each and every sea-port, town and village giving its own Coronation regatta.

Even in 1952 a great many yachts travelled long distances. *Bloodhound* and *Marabu* both sailed across the Atlantic to take part in the Bermuda Race from New York, whilst the smaller boats, such as *Lutine* and *Samuel Pepys*, were shipped across on a steamer. After the Bermuda Race all these vessels,

A REMINDER OF PAST GLORIES: The 12-metre *Kaylena* romping along under mainsail and spinnaker. Craft of this size are the exception nowadays, so reduced are yachting men's resources.

"NORTHELE" WITH A REEF TUCKED IN HER MAINSAIL AND HER HARD-WEATHER JIB SET: *Northele* raced at Cowes in the class for yachts of 27 ft. to 37 ft. R.O.R.C. rating. In his article Uffa Fox discusses the heavy impact of taxation on yachtsmen and the steady dwindling of the larger classes.

including the American yawl *Caribbee*, raced from Bermuda into Plymouth, arriving in time to sail up to Cowes for Cowes Week, so rounding off a summer's racing.

The Royal Ocean Racing Club gave its usual very fine and full programme of racing, which took boats as far south as Santander and as far north as Bergen. In the past a great deal of notice was taken of these races, but the small ocean-going yacht has developed to such a state of perfection, and the owner and his crew have become such able seamen, that little or no notice at all is taken of all these wonderful long-distance races. The owner's only worry is to beat his rival.

Bloodhound, *Foxhound* and *Stiarmo*, three notable vessels, were all ably sailed by their owners. *Bloodhound*, owned by Mr. M. N. D. Wyatt, herself sailed a distance of no less than 15,000 miles in the season's sailing.

Of our five entries in the sailing section of the Olympic Games, Britain entered one vessel for each of the five classes, and of these five we took only one silver medal. Every day during the Olympic Games ardent and eager yachtsmen listened to the wireless and read the newspaper reports of the sailing events, and their disappointment at our not winning caused many to believe that we had not sent out the best men. My view is that we did send out our best but they were not good enough. All our five helmsmen had been known for years, and any of them could go amongst the racing men anywhere round our coast and would always be in the first three.

In the last race of the season at Cowes, I was steering *Flavia* in the 5.5 class the first time I had sailed her in racing trim, and had a crew new to the boat as well. On the first beat to windward we came from fifth into second place and closed up with *Unique* (now back from Helsinki) on the reach, until we were within less than the boat's length of her. *Unique* then set her spinnaker swiftly, trimmed it precisely, and away she went, whilst in the setting of ours a turn developed and it was minutes and minutes before it was set and pulling as it should. *Quail*, too, passed us, with her spinnaker set perfectly. On the second beat to windward we closed right up to *Quail* and gained a little on *Unique*, but directly the spinnakers were set the pair of them left us.

Unique won this last race in a very convincing manner, due almost entirely to the skill of the helmsman and his crew, and also to their judgment. This race confirmed for me the judgment of the committee in selecting *Unique* as our Olympic champion—for throughout the season the yacht very seldom made a mistake, and I never once saw her overstand a mark.

Michael Angelo said: "An artist must have his measuring tools not in his hand, but in his eye." This is equally true of a first-rate helmsman. He must judge the speed of his boat and that of his rivals', and he must measure out the distance when to tack for a mark, or to clear another boat. What is true of *Unique* must also be true of our other Olympic champions, otherwise they could never have won the trial races, and this year's Olympic Games have shown that we, the racing helmsmen in this country, must strive harder than before, for the keener the competition round our shores the more able will be our champions next time.

A CLASS WHICH SHOWED UP WELL IN ALL WEATHERS: One of the Fairey Fireflies. At many a regatta round our coasts they helped to swell the numbers.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S FLYING FIFTEEN "COWESLIP" "SMOKING ALONG" IN THE SOLENT: During Cowes Week *Coweslip* gave notable performances.

"SHOVELLER" IS DISMASTED WHEN RUNNING WITH MAINSAIL AND SPINNAKER SET: Mr. Bud Mitchell's boat in trouble during a boisterous day in the Solent. In 1952 *Shoveller* has proved a worthy member of this growingly popular 5·5 class. "At the moment," comments Mr. Fox, "there is a great variation in the design of these boats."

Home News in Pictures

THE QUEEN AT CRATHIE
THE ARGYLLS IN EDINBURGH

The Bluecoat Boys March Through London; King Feisal Visits the Queen; Mompesson House for the Nation; and Other Events in England

THE QUEEN DRIVING BACK TO BALMORAL CASTLE AFTER ATTENDING MORNING SERVICE AT CRATHIE CHURCH: Accompanying her Majesty back to the Castle were the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret, the latter having driven to church in the Queen Mother's car. The Queen wore a grey dress and a three-quarter-length coat with hat to match, and Princess Margaret wore a dark plum velvet coat with a close-fitting hat to match. The Duke was in Highland dress. The service at Crathie was conducted by the Rev. John Lamb, Domestic Chaplain to the Royal Household in Scotland, and the preacher was the Rev. Frederick H. Fulton. Despite a cold wind, about 2,000 people gathered outside the church to welcome the Royal party.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER, JOINS THE ROYAL PARTY AT CRATHIE CHURCH: Her Majesty had driven from Birkhall in company with Princess Margaret, who had just recently returned from her visit to Innes House, Morayshire. The Queen Mother was dressed in black.

THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS RECEIVE A TUMULTUOUS WELCOME FROM THE CITIZENS OF EDINBURGH FOLLOWING THEIR RETURN FROM THREE YEARS' SERVICE IN KOREA AND THE FAR EAST: Some of the 760 officers and men of the 1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, many of whom were decorated for bravery in Korea, marching along Princes Street after their arrival by train from Glasgow, where they had disembarked from the trooper *Empire Halladale*. The Battalion marched with fixed bayonets past the saluting-base at the Mound, where the G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command, Lieut.-General Sir Colin Barber, took the salute. After the great march through Edinburgh the Battalion began six weeks' leave before taking up garrison duties in the City. The parade was headed by the Battalion pony mascot, Cruachan, and by the Battalion's pipes and drums. There was a heavy wind blowing and before the men had a chance to secure their bonnets several were whisked off and some men marched the whole distance bareheaded. More than thirty members of the Battalion are buried in Korea. Included among the many awards won by the men in Korea are one V.C., one D.S.O., two Military Medals, two O.B.E.s, one M.B.E., and ten American Silver Stars.

THE BLUECOAT BOYS MARCH THROUGH THE CITY OF LONDON ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR ANNUAL SERVICE AT ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH, HOLBORN: When this picture was taken the boys of Christ's Hospital School, Horsham, Sussex, were just about to pass St. Paul's Cathedral while on their way to the church, following their arrival at London Bridge Station. They later went to the Mansion House to receive their usual gifts of money from the Lord Mayor. The boys come to London every year on or near St. Matthew's day and attend the service close by their old school building from which they moved in 1902. The boys still retain the dress of their predecessors, since the time of Edward VI, and they also wear yellow stockings.

BARRIE JOHNSTON RECEIVES HIS GIFT FROM THE LORD MAYOR AT THE MANSION HOUSE: Sir Leslie Boyce presented the gifts of money to 300 boys of Christ's Hospital, Horsham, and to twenty-five girls of Christ's Hospital, Hertford.

KING FEISAL II OF IRAQ ARRIVES IN BRITAIN AS THE GUEST OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT : The Mayor of Southampton, Alderman E. Burrow, greets the young King on board the liner *Queen Elizabeth* after the official welcoming on behalf of the Queen by the Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, the Duke of Wellington. On the left of the picture is the Regent of Iraq, who accompanied the King on his visit to this country and also to Balmoral Castle, where the Royal party was entertained by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Before the King continued his journey by air to Scotland he was entertained at a Government luncheon in London.

MOMPESSON HOUSE, SITUATED ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE, SALISBURY, WILTSHIRE, HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY MR. DENIS MARTINEAU : The building, which faces the Choristers' Green, is considered to be one of the finest houses in the Close. Built in 1701 for the Mompesson family, who were prosperous merchants in the neighbourhood, the interior is rich in original panelling and plaster work. There is also a finely-carved staircase. Although the architect of the house is unknown it is possible that it may have been Sir Christopher Wren or one of his pupils. The house was occupied at one time by Miss Townshend, one of the "four Victorian ladies of Wiltshire" in Miss Edith Olivier's book of that name. In more recent times, in 1946, the Bishop of Salisbury took up temporary residence at Mompesson House when the Bishop's palace became a cathedral school. Salisbury Close, the spacious area around the fourteenth-century Cathedral, also contains several other old buildings including King's House (now a training college) and the Deanery. The Close is in itself an epitome of English home design at its best periods, and is entered by way of several mediæval gateways.

DELEGATES FROM TWENTY-FIVE COUNTRIES ATTEND THE SECOND CONFERENCE ON WORLD GOVERNMENT AT BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON : This was the scene at the College on the opening day of the meeting when the British Minister of State, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, said that an important factor for those concerned with the conduct of foreign policy was that in 1955 the amendment of the Charter of the United Nations would have to be considered. In the course of a debate the president of the Conference, Lord Boyd-Orr, said that the great issue of peace or war would be decided in the next four or five years.

A 33-FT. KETCH, WHICH IS BEING SAILED ROUND THE WORLD BY SIX PERSONS FROM ROTTERDAM, SAILS AWAY FROM YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, AFTER REPAIRS HAD BEEN MADE TO THE ENGINE : The crew of the *Scaldis* wave good-bye as the ketch sails out of the harbour en route on a world-wide trip. The crew of six, including a three-month-old baby, consist of Cor can der Torre (twenty-five), the skipper and boatbuilder; his wife, Greta (twenty), their baby son Corry; the skipper's brother William (twenty-three), a welder; Bill van Gemert-Zoetalief (thirty-one), an engineer; and his wife Elizabeth (twenty-five). The ketch, which was built by the skipper and his two male companions, has an all-steel hull with a false bottom in which can be stored 1,500 litres of fresh water, and 500 litres of Diesel oil for the 2-cylinder semi-Diesel auxiliary engine.

On left—

A "BRISTOL"-TYPE ALUMINIUM PIT-HEAD BATH IS RE-ERECTED IN A NEW POSITION SOME 50 MILES FROM ITS FORMER SITE. The building in its new position at the New Rock Colliery, Midsomer Norton, where it was placed after being transferred from the Lucy Thomas colliery at Merthyr Tydfil, where the development programme has been abandoned. The task of dismantling and re-erection took four weeks.

On right—

MORRIS DANCERS TAKE PART IN A WEEK-END FESTIVAL IN THE PEAK DISTRICT : This was the scene in the Market Square at Tideswell as the farewell dances were performed after the dancers had attended a service at the parish church. The occasion was the thirty-eighth gathering of Morris men's clubs, organised by the Morris Ring, and dancers attended from fourteen towns and villages.

THE BATTLE FOR JUTLAND

1,500 UNITED STATES MARINES LAND ON THE NORTHERNMOST TIP OF DENMARK IN THE CLOSING PHASES OF "MAINBRACE"

PRINCE KNUD WATCHES THE INVASION OF JUTLAND: King Fredrick's brother seen on the landing beach near Skagen, where 1,500 United States Marines went ashore in Exercise "Mainbrace," the eight-Power North Atlantic Treaty Organisation's manœuvres. Bad weather delayed the invasion.

By far the most spectacular aspect of Exercise "Mainbrace" was the amphibious invasion of the Jutland coast, and there was little doubt that this phase of the exercise had a part political motive, being intended to show the Danish people just how swiftly aid could be brought to their shores by a N.A.T.O. striking force. To a nation that has borne the burdens of German occupation within recent memory this demonstration must certainly have had a deep significance. Exercise "Mainbrace," probably the greatest of all international manœuvres ever staged, officially ended on September 23, a day earlier than had been planned originally. Bad weather marred the closing phase, the main carrier striking force being unable to give its full support to the troops supposedly engaged on Schleswig-Holstein. Because of this a vital test of inter-allied organisation was not made. At the close of the exercise the fleets forgathered at Oslo for the final conference.

THE UNITED STATES MARINES LEAP ASHORE ON THE JUTLAND COAST: They were supposed, for the purpose of the exercise, to have come in haste to support the Danish Army engaged on the Schleswig-Holstein border against an enemy invading force. The Marines beached their craft amid a roar of boat engines and a rush of foam.

UMPIRES, SENIOR OFFICERS OF THE N.A.T.O. COUNTRIES, AND DANISH HOME GUARDS WATCHING THE LANDING ON THE WIND-SWEPT BEACH NORTH OF SKAGEN: All went without a hitch, but there was quite a stir when a Russian merchant ship was seen standing off the landing beaches. This ship was viewed with understandable suspicion. Two Danish destroyers went to investigate, and found her to be the *Kooperatiya* of Leningrad. She eventually disappeared out to sea.

THE NAVY AT WORK DURING EXERCISE "MAINBRACE": Captain C. T. Jellicoe, D.S.O., D.S.C. and Bar, on the bridge of the carrier *Illustrious*, with two junior officers. During "Mainbrace" H.M.S. *Illustrious*, together with three other carriers, the *Eagle* and the two big American carriers *Midway* and *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, were attacked by the British submarine *Taciturn* while they were operating with the "Blue" Task Force in the waters off Northern Norway. H.M.S. *Eagle*, Britain's newest carrier, was involved in another incident when she was slightly damaged while refuelling at sea from the Netherlands destroyer *Van Galen*.

WITH H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS" ON EXERCISE "MAINBRACE"

A Bumpy Landing Recorded in Photographs and Other News Pictures of the *Illustrious* on "Mainbrace"

Before the British Fleet left the Clyde to take part in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation's Exercise "Mainbrace," Admiral Sir George Creasy, Commander-in-Chief British Home Fleet, and Commander-in-Chief Eastern Atlantic, said of the exercise: "We are out to get the maximum training in the minimum time. Our primary object is to teach the navies and air forces of the N.A.T.O. nations to work together in the single common task of defending N.A.T.O. communications."

In the thirteen days of intensive and realistic training that followed the start of the exercise, every kind of common and not so common naval operation was practised, and the aim of the exercise was well achieved. The most important part of the exercise, however, was the effective collaboration of ships and aircraft drawn from the eight nations taking part. It was in this sphere that the aircraft-carrier played a leading part.

At a Press Conference held at the end of the first week of the exercise, Admiral McCormick said, in answer to a question, that there would be a need for many more aircraft-carriers, and that there was still a great part for the aircraft-carrier to play.

"SHOOTING" THE SUN FROM THE FLIGHT-DECK CONTROL ABOARD H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS": Using the sextant is Lieut.-Commander A. E. Fanning, of Portsmouth. With H.M.S. *Illustrious* on exercise "Mainbrace" were the carriers *Eagle*, *Theseus* and *Triumph* of the Royal Navy. There were also four American and one Canadian aircraft-carrier taking part.

A FIREBRAND AIRCRAFT FROM H.M.S. "EAGLE" MAKES A BAD LANDING ON THE DECK OF THE CARRIER "ILLUSTRIOUS": The incident happened while the *Illustrious* was being used as "spare deck" during Exercise "Mainbrace." The Firebrand narrowly missed the *Illustrious's* mainmast on its first approach, and on its second fouled a flight-deck fitting with its right wing. A tip of the wing was broken off and the propeller was smashed.

RESCUE WORKERS RUSH TO ACTION STATIONS AS THE FIREBRAND COMES TO A HALT: Fire-fighters wearing white asbestos suits were among those who ran to the aid of the unlucky pilot.

On left—
THE PILOT CLIMBS UNINJURED FROM THE COCKPIT OF HIS DAMAGED AIRCRAFT: He was later flown back to H.M.S. *Eagle* by helicopter. Wrapped around the propeller are the arrester wires which were scraped up from the deck while landing.

On right—
THE FATE OF ANOTHER CASUALTY ON H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS": A Firefly machine which crashed and was badly damaged is pushed over the side after all salvageable parts had been removed.

ONCE THIS WAS WOODLAND, NOW IT IS AN OPEN-CAST COAL MINE : Members of the Warwickshire Branch of the Country Landowners' Association examining the open-cast workings on the Merevale Estate, Atherstone, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire, where they came at the invitation of Sir William Dugdale to see the effect of this type of mining on farm and forest land. The Country Landowners' Association is a national organization of owners of agricultural land, and is gravely concerned with the questions of land rehabilitation involved through open-cast operations. The chairman of the executive is Viscount Newport.

What Open-cast Mining Means

A VISIT TO A WARWICKSHIRE ESTATE REVEALS THE DAMAGE TO FARM LAND

The open-cast coal site at Monk's Park, on the Merevale Estate of Sir William Dugdale near Atherstone, was requisitioned for open-cast coal-getting on January 12, 1949. It is at present in a very interesting state, as the site is in process of being back-filled on the north-west side, and coal is being extracted on the south-west side. It was thus possible for members of the Warwickshire branch of the Country Landowners' Association to assess in some detail the problems of open-cast in relation to agricultural land and woodland. They were able to see the method now practised of bringing back humus into top-soil in order to start growth again, how top-soil has been saved for re-use, and the need for contouring of a site on restoration (due allowance being made for through drainage). They were able also to appreciate some of the economic problems of re-planting and fencing. There is little doubt that this visit by members of the C.L.A. was most instructive, and many of them must have been deeply disturbed by the magnitude of the tasks involved. Sir William Dugdale is knowledgeable both upon land and mining problems, having been for some years chairman and managing director of Baddesly Collieries.

SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE MAKES A POINT : The owner of the Merevale Estate showing members of the Country Landowners' Association round the open-cast workings. With him are Colonel J. D. Home, of the C.L.A., and Mrs. Wheatley Hubbard, who farms in the district.

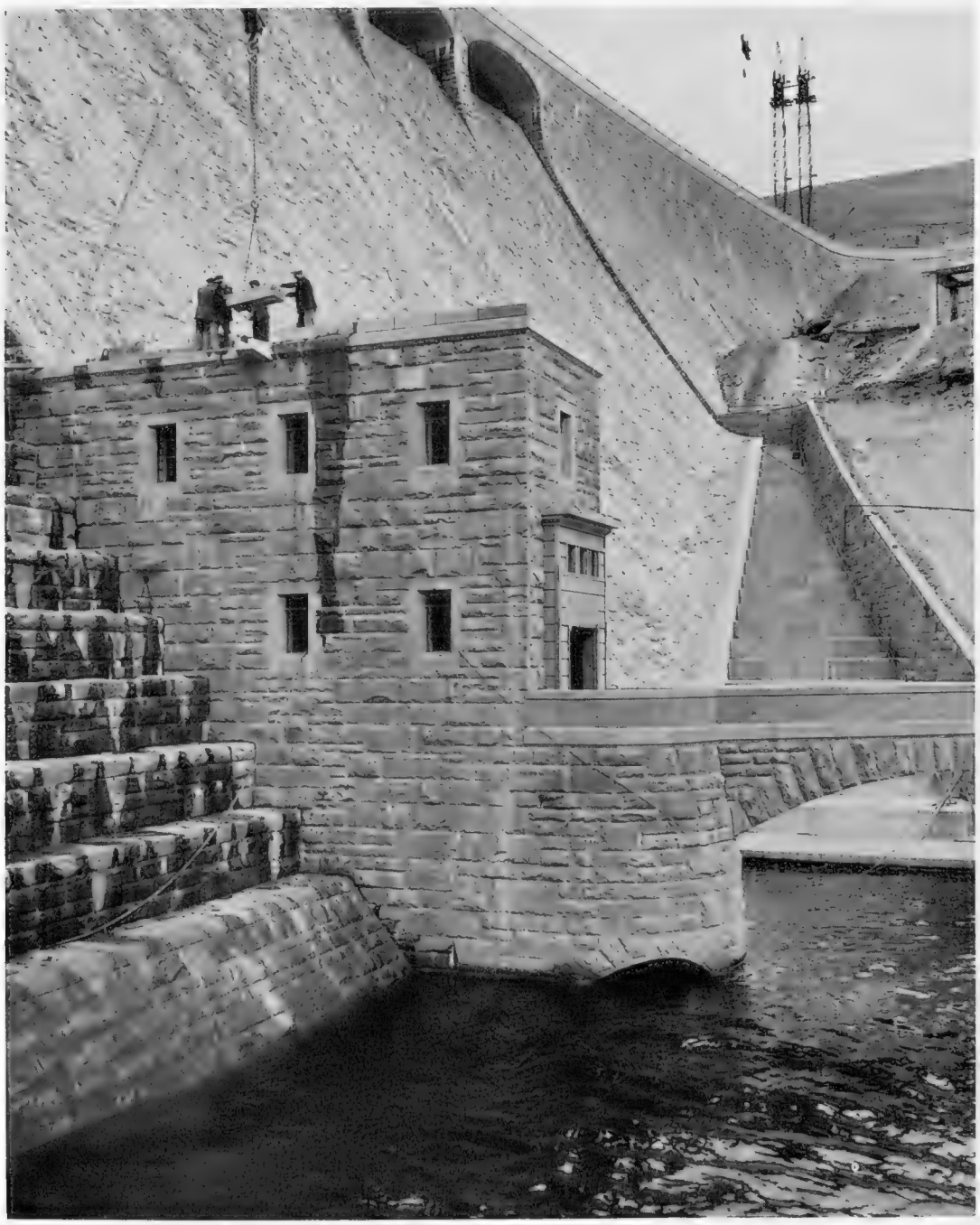
AFTER THE BULLDOZERS AND WALKING DRAGLINES HAVE DONE THEIR WORK : *Left*—Sir William Dugdale and members of the Country Landowners' Association examining a piece of ground which was restored for cultivation two-and-a-half years ago, but is still sinking and therefore unfit for growing crops. *Right*—A stretch of agricultural land on the Merevale Estate which was restored in 1951. The estate was first requisitioned for open-cast in January 1949.

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CLAERWEN DAM IN THE ELAN VALLEY, RHAYADER, RADNORSHIRE, SHOWING THE FOUR-MILE LAKE CAUSED BY DAMMING THE CLAERWEN RIVER : The dam is now nearing completion and is to be opened by the Queen on October 23. This new dam in the Welsh hills, which imprisons water for the City of Birmingham, has been under construction for Birmingham Corporation since 1945.

BIRMINGHAM'S WATER COMES FROM WALES

The Almost Completed Claerwen Dam Near Rhayader, which the Queen is to Open on October 23, Imprisons Water for the City of Birmingham

The new Claerwen dam in the Elan Valley, which the Queen is to set in motion on Thursday, October 23, is the largest in the British Isles. Built for the Birmingham Corporation, the dam will imprison 10,000,000,000 gallons of water along 4¼ miles of reservoirs through the Claerwen Valley, and will almost double the supply from the City of Birmingham's Water Department's site there. The outer wall of the dam rises to a height of about 2,000 ft. and the length along the top is about 1,166 ft. Claerwen will not supply Birmingham direct. Supplies as needed will be released via the river into the Caban reservoir. Only grazing land has been inundated at the new levels. Inside the dam there is an inspection gallery which runs up through the dam 30 ft. from the water face, thus allowing periodical inspections of the concrete. The Royal visit to Wales is being made in conjunction with other visits in the West country.



THE MIGHTY WALL OF THE NEW CLAERWEN DAM : Italian workers have played a part in the construction of the dam and are now completing their task on the masonry wall. In this picture four Italians are seen laying coping stone on one of the two valve houses. On the left are the central steps of the dam and on the right one of the side spillway channels which will carry the overflow during flood periods.

THE FACE OF THE LARGEST DAM IN THE BRITISH ISLES : This view shows the central steps and the Claerwen River which will carry the water to other reservoirs. On the left is the recorder house, containing the instruments for recording the discharge of water from the reservoir.

CAREG DDU, THE DRAW-OFF RESERVOIR WHICH IS FED BY SEVERAL RIVERS : Through the tower on the right water passes to the filters while on the way to Birmingham No buildings have been submerged by the new project.

PROSPECTS OF THE 1952 MOTOR SHOW

The Latest Indications are that there are Unlikely to be Any Startling Surprises, Although One or Two Firms May Show Some New Designs

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE Motor Show season is upon us. The Paris Salon will have opened by the time these words are printed, and our own show at Earl's Court is to be opened on Wednesday, October 22, by Earl Alexander of Tunis.

There are not likely to be many surprises this year. Most of the models on view will be unchanged except for detail modifications, though there is still much interesting speculation about the intentions of one or two of the bigger firms.

The Nuffield Organisation has not yet shown its hand and there are many observers who think that Sir John Black will not waste the opportunity of showing at least the prototype of his new 6-h.p. Standard saloon.

Questions are being asked, too, about the Humber Super Snipe. At a recent Press party given by the Rootes Group, at which we were shown the improved Sunbeam Talbot 90 and Humber Hawk, we were told that the Hillman Minx and Humber Pullman are unchanged for 1953. Nothing was said about the Super Snipe, and questions about this model were answered quizzically and rather evasively.

The improvements to the Sunbeam Talbot are outstanding examples of the benefits which a car-building firm derives from taking part in gruelling international competitions like the Monte Carlo and Alpine Rallies.

The 1953 Sunbeam Talbot looks much the same, from the outside, as this year's model (and many present-day owners of these racy cars will be glad of the fact !).

But, inspired by the lessons learned by Sunbeam Talbot drivers and technicians when battling it out with British and foreign rivals over mountain passes, along straight, fast Continental roads and in tricky elimination tests, the Rootes Brothers' designers have incorporated some notable new features in the 1953 model.

It has improved suspension, a modified steering unit and more powerful brakes with a greater friction area. The road wheels have a ventilated centre section which, apart from improving the car's appearance, provides a flow of cooling air on to the brake drums.

There is new illumination for the instrument panel, eliminating glare, the speedometer now has a trip recorder (and not before time !), and there is now more head-room for the front-seat passengers, the height of the front seats having been reduced without any sacrifice of comfort.

More attention has been paid to the exclusion of dust and draughts (a matter of great importance in the export markets), flaps have been fitted to give protection against mud and snow, and the doors now have check arms which hold them firmly in the fully open position. The convertible model of the "90" has been given a new hood-line which improves the driver's vision.

Just as the modifications to the "90" are based on competition experience, so can it be said that safety is the keynote for the improvements to the Humber Hawk.

The diameter of the clutch has been increased to 9 ins. and given a greater area of lining, the frame body structure has been strengthened and there are more efficient shock absorbers at the back to give a smoother ride and greater stability at high speeds over rough surfaces.

Another "safety" point, though here again it is combined with increased comfort, is the provision of a foot-rest, to the left of the clutch pedal, with a headlamp dip switch incorporated. There is a larger rear window, a headlamp beam indicator has been fitted to the dashboard, and glare has been eliminated by the use of recessed, edge-lit instruments.

Over-riders are now standard equipment on the wrap-round bumpers, the side lights are incorporated in the air-intake grilles, press-button door handles have been provided, there are chrome stone-guards on the rear wings and the wheels have name plates of new design.

There is more room for the Hawk's rear passengers, the rear doors open wider, more head-room has been contrived for the occupants of the front seats, a hand-operated choke should help to improve petrol consumption and there are more comfortable arm-rests.

These things add up to quite a different Hawk, and I am looking forward to trying it out.

I have not yet seen the new Bentley sports saloon, but here again big alterations have been made which should make this thoroughbred car even more attractive to the ever-diminishing group of men (and women) who can afford a car on which more than £1,500 purchase tax must be paid. The Bentley—whose price remains unchanged—now has two automatic-starting carburetters which enhance still further the car's top speed and acceleration. And don't forget that the Bentley's performance was improved quite recently when the size of the engine was stepped up from 4¼ to 4½ litres.

Overall length of the sports saloon has been increased by 7½ ins. and the coachwork has been re-styled in a way which enables a two-tone colour scheme to be used to great advantage.

The size of the luggage boot has been almost doubled—it now has a capacity of 17·4 cub. ft.—and the lid is now hinged from the top. A set of seven fitted suitcases can be bought as an "extra." The rear suspension has been modified, the bumpers have been strengthened, and there are two-speed, self-parking windscreen wipers which should be able to cope with either torrential rain or thick snow. Equipment for demisting the windscreen and rear window and for defrosting the screen is now available, and the hinged ventilators on the front doors can now be turned through an angle of 120 degs. Production of the new Bentley has begun, though for the time being all the new cars are being sent abroad.

There will be seven British racing cars on view on the composite stand which the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has included for the first time at this year's Show as a compliment to the firms which produced them and as a prestige-builder. The B.R.M. will not be there, so we shall have to be content with Formula 2 and Formula 3 cars. They are: Two-litre class: Alta, Connaught, Cooper-Bristol, Frazer-Nash, H.W.M. Half-litre class: Cooper, Kieft. I am told they will be displayed in a prominent position, though not in the centre of the hall, where the best stands are traditionally balloted for by the Show's oldest exhibitors.

This racing car innovation is a much-appreciated Jubilee Year gesture by the Society, who have also relaxed their new-cars-only rule to permit exhibitors to display, on their own stands, one of their models, of whatever age, which has done something special. The Allard with which Mr. Sydney Allard won the Monte Carlo Rally this year is an obvious choice, but some firms will prefer to go back a few years and drag honoured old cars from the factory museum.

Just how difficult some of the makers of quality cars are finding it to sell their expensive products nowadays is revealed by the growing number of firms announcing price cuts; plus the statement by Mr. Henry Spurrier, president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, that these reductions can only be made by cutting profits.

At the time of writing, the Daimler was the last firm to announce a price reduction: a drop from £2,280 on the 2½-litre Consort saloon to £2,075 (£1,333, plus £742 tax). Since the Ford Motor Company cut their home prices by 5 per cent. last July, the following firms have also pegged back the price of some of their models: Austin, Humber, Jowett, Armstrong-Siddeley, A.C., Lea-Francis—and now Daimler.

From the point of view of the national economy it is disturbing, but many motorists among Britain's car-starved public are saying unashamedly that they welcome the trend.

They say that growing export difficulties—the value of car exports fell from £9,000,000 in July this year to £5,800,000 in August—will soon bring a flood of new cars on to the home market, and that the Government will have to cut purchase tax by at least half in the next Budget, so that British motorists who have waited for them so long will be able to afford to buy them. The alternative, they say, would be unemployment in the motor industry.

Those who have the country's economic welfare at heart—and who but a fool has not ?—hope that this is painting too gloomy a picture. Many would like to see a quick return to the days of free competition in the British motor industry, with car salesmen treating us with respect once again, but we do not want to have to buy this freedom too dearly.

Road safety has loomed large in the news lately, and so it should. People get disturbed when they read about frequent jet-plane crashes, yet remain singularly unmoved by the huge toll of human life on Britain's roads.

So I am glad to see that the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents has taken up the suggestion made by the Duke of Edinburgh at the annual meeting of the Automobile Association that all the various bodies concerned should tackle the problems of road safety as a "combined operation." There is to be a round-table conference of nearly forty interested organisations in London on October 15, and I hope much good comes of it.

TWO PICTURES TAKEN BEFORE THE TRAGIC DEATH OF JOHN COBB ON LOCH NESS

THE "CRUSADER," WITH JOHN COBB AT THE HELM, STREAKS ACROSS LOCH NESS, INVERNESS, IN AN ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE WORLD WATER-SPEED RECORD OF 178·4 MILES AN HOUR HELD BY AN AMERICAN: In gusty weather, when side winds forced him off his course, Cobb averaged a mean speed of 173·14 m.p.h., although his first run was officially timed at 185·576 m.p.h. His return run was only 161 m.p.h. According to international rules he must reach a mean speed of about 180 m.p.h. before a new record can be recognised. *On right*—After an overhaul, the jet engine of the *Crusader* is swung over the craft prior to John Cobb's run on Loch Ness. Owing to the prevailing winds on the return run the boat took so long in rising into the planing position that Cobb had used up much of his approach to the measured mile before he could really open the throttle. Thus his chances of reaching the necessary speed of 176 m.p.h. were greatly reduced. Those who saw Cobb's masterly attempt on Loch Ness were pleased with the boat's behaviour.

AND NOW THE HUNCHBACK CAR—A NEW DESIGN AT THE PARIS MOTOR SHOW: *Left*—M. Robert Hannoyer, of Paris, demonstrates the detachable hood of his new one-horse-power car. *Right*—In order to conserve garage and parking space the half-axle and front chassis members fold up to give the car a hunchback appearance. Built at the French Reyonnah factory, the car has a maximum speed of 50 m.p.h. It is claimed that petrol consumption is over 60 miles to the gallon. Two models have been produced, one costing about £280 and the other about £340.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE ENCHANTMENT OF R.L.S.

A New Biography of Stevenson, with Some New Material which has Hitherto been Unavailable

THE reputation of Robert Louis Stevenson has swung backwards and forwards through extremes that we can now regard as absurd, and is coming to rest in its proper dignified, central place. The trouble has always been, of course (if it is a trouble), that no one has ever felt mildly or temperately about R.L.S. who has read his books or learned even a little about his life. Everyone immediately became—and becomes—an adverse critic or an admirer. However little informed one is, one thing about him seems clear, and that is the extraordinary degree of charm which he exercised in his writing as in his personal life. Now, there are people who are as allergic to charm as to golden-rod, and who darkly suspect those who possess it of covering up some lamentable lack of character. I believe to the contrary, that those rare and happy people who possess it have a benign enchantment of their own, and that R.L.S. epitomises them all.

Voyage to Windward (Faber. 25s.) is Mr. J. C. Furnas's biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, in which he has been able to make use of material not before available, and this is lucky both for the writer and the reader. But even without this fortunate circumstance, I think that this book would have had a very high place among the life stories of one of the most remarkable and most lovable of all Scots.

Miss Tallulah Bankhead has written her autobiography and we have President Truman's word for it that: "I haven't been able to put it down." I had something of the same difficulty too, but I must confess that a great part of my fascination lay in the really remarkable number of misprints or mis-spellings of proper names. In the end I made a list of the more glaring of these (with a private footnote that they occurred only amongst the British, and not, as far as I was able to see, among the American names). Here are a few: Sir Milson Reese, Lord Castleross, Count Anthony de Bosardi, Lord Bronlow (who becomes Lord Bronlov in the index, to my delight but possibly not to his), Geoffrey Homsdale, later Earl of Amherst, Kitty Kinlock, and in her own profession, Mary Claire and Gwenn Farrar. No prizes are offered for spotting the mistakes, but I can assure you that they are there, and that in one case quoted there are three.

Apart from that, Tallulah (Gollancz. 16s.) is good fun, especially for those of us who have a clear memory of London in the '20's. It is candid, it is more fresh than funny, and it ably bears out that newspaperman's assertion that "Tallulah Bankhead is about as sweet and sentimental as a third rail."

Norman McLeod was a rebel minister from the Western Highlands when, in 1817, he emigrated to Canada to find a place where he could bring up his family "away from the deadening influence of the Church of Scotland," and away particularly from one clergyman who had become his declared enemy, and who was strongly opposed to McLeod's stark and uncompromising doctrines. In Nova Scotia McLeod and his friends and admirers formed a colony, and it was not until thirty-four years later, when he was seventy-one, that he led no fewer than 800 of his followers on a further emigration to Australia and then to New Zealand, where in the settlement of Waipu he directed matters spiritual, and to some degree matters temporal, for another fifteen years. Lion of Scotland (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is the story of this extraordinary man's life, as told with considerable warmth and vigour by Mr. Neil Robinson, a New Zealander himself.

The Indian Ocean (Museum Press. 21s.) adds another to Mr. Alan Villiers's admirable list of sea books, and is, I think, one of the best of them all. The Indian Ocean, although the smallest of the three great oceans (and that in itself is a comparative term), has the richest history of any of them, and Mr. Villiers has examined it not only as a scholar, but as a sailor who knows its waters both under sail and in steam. He had his own full-rigged ship, *Joseph Conrad*, and sailed her among the islands of the East Indies, and he served, as squadron commander of landing craft, on the Arakan, at the landings at Rangoon, at the opening up of Singapore and in the Java campaign. In addition, he spent a year with the Arabs in their huge, deep-water dhows, and voyaged round the whole Arabian coast and down the coast of East Africa to Zanzibar and back along the old slave route.

Simenon is so clearly a phenomenon of contemporary letters that it was inevitable that we should have a treatise on his method, his background, the reasons for his success and his future, rather sooner than later. Now M. Thomas Narcejac has written The Art of Simenon (Kegan Paul and Routledge. 10s. 6d.) and Cynthia Rowland has translated it. The little book is ingenious in its findings, brightly written and intelligent, but it is first and foremost the work of a great admirer, and it is to other admirers, such as myself, as one among thousands, that it will primarily appeal. Meticulous and absorbed studies of this kind are always apt to have their moments when analysis trembles on the brink of the absurd, and I 'm glad to say that M. Narcejac's is no exception for does he not propound, and rather weightily at that, that the use of the *imparfait* tense "suggests a certain inner weariness of life and the temptation to desert."

Mrs. Anna Leonowens was only twenty-seven when, in 1862, she accepted the post of governess to the children of the King of Siam. She was young, but surely one of the most courageous women of whom we know. I thought so after reading *Anna and the King of Siam*, and I think so again now, after reading Siamese Harem Life (Arthur Barker. 21s.), now republished for the first time in almost eighty years. In her foreword Miss Freya Stark writes of the faith that was Anna Leonowens' standby and the source of her strength. "She saw things in their everlasting light, and to her the unimaginable unearthly cruelty which surrounded and wore her down, appeared with all its darkness as but a shadow in time, while the human goodness, irrespective of creed or nation, remained."

Anna was the product of the Victorian age, with her firmness, her religious beliefs and her courage, and she was, fortunately for all of us who can read her own words now, an amazingly good observer and chronicler. Because of that, although the book has many passages of real horror, it has its moments of beauty too, and of magical fantasy.

A Choice of Kipling's Prose (Macmillan. 15s.) has been made by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham from the short stories, and in his introductory essay Mr. Maugham writes: "Rudyard Kipling is the only writer of short stories our country has produced who can stand comparison with Guy de Maupassant and Chekhov. He is our greatest story writer. I can't believe he will ever be equalled. I am sure he can never be excelled." The weight of these words from the contemporary master must give us pause, and must certainly bring us to a fresh appreciation of the stories in the present volume. These have been selected not wholly, Mr. Maugham explains, by personal preference, but in one or two cases, such as the *Brushwood Boy*, because they have deeply impressed so many people.

In his essay Mr. Maugham writes of the absurd charge brought against Kipling that his stories were anecdotes, although one of the meanings given to this word in the *Oxford Dictionary* is: "The narration of a detached incident, or of a single event, told as being in itself interesting or striking." And that, he adds, is a perfect definition of a short story. The volume includes sixteen stories and is, introduction and all one of the most satisfying books I have had in my hands for months.

Where Nests the Water Hen (Heinemann 12s. 6d.) is Mlle Gabrielle Roy's new novel, translated from the French by Mr. Harry L. Binsse, and a delightful picture of life a few years ago in a remote corner of the Canadian province of Manitoba, and a family of French-Canadians living there in conditions of what I would call exquisite discomfort. In spite of their circumstances and the ferocity of the winter, with its icy winds, and the summer, with its barrages of mosquitoes, the family is a happy one, even lyrically so, and Mlle Roy writes of them with an affectionate and close understanding. In many ways this is hardly a novel, and more a collection of sketches, but its whole effect is enchanting and really vivid.

Miss Catherine Gaskin, with the backgrounds of London, Ireland, Suffolk and, briefly, New York, writes one of those meandering, triangular love-stories in which one is only saved from exasperation at the characters by the elegance and smoothness of the writing, and by the evocation of the settings themselves, which are admirably drawn here. Daughter of the House (Collins. 10s. 6d.), therefore, is a likeable rather than an impressive book, and except for one crudely and I thought mistakenly melodramatic incident, pleasantly even in its tenor.

Seven of the Latest Books

THE WIND CALLS THE TUNE (Robert Ross. 12s. 6d.), *by Stanley Smith and Charles Violet, is the story of the eventful voyage of the "Nova Espero" across the Atlantic at the time of the Festival of Britain. There is an introduction by Eric C. Hiscock.*

In **BERYL GREY, THE PROGRESS OF A BALLERINA** (Faber. 12s. 6d.), *Pigeon Crowle traces the ballerina's career from her first dancing class to the mature artist of to-day. There are many illustrations.*

THE CORRESPONDENCE 1899 - 1926 BETWEEN PAUL CLAUDEL AND ANDRÉ GIDE (Secker and Warburg. 25s.), *prefaced and translated by John Russell, carries an introduction and notes by Robert Mallet.*

A German doctor's story of ten years in little-known Liberia is told by Werner Junge in **AFRICAN JUNGLE DOCTOR** (Harrap. 15s.).

I WAS STALIN'S PRISONER (W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.) *is the complete Vogeler story as told by Robert A. Vogeler with the assistance of Leigh White.*

FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS (Arthur Barker. 42s.), *by Marie Johnson Fort, with a preface by Julia Clements, is edited by Robert L. Sommervile. There are many pictures in colour and black-and-white. Mrs. Fort is a member of the American Women's Garden Clubs.*

ONE - UPMANSHIP (Rupert Hart - Davis. 8s. 6d.), *by Stephen Potter, is described as being some account of the Activities and Teaching of the Lifemanship Correspondence College of One-Upness and Gameslifemastery. The book is illustrated by Lt.-Col. Frank Wilson.*

GODS, GRAVES, AND SCHOLARS

A Brilliant German Historian Surveys the History of Archæology

Few pioneers in archæology have ever completed their tasks without interruption. Drama has often gone hand-in-hand with field work, as witness J. J. Winckelmann's delving amid the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum and his death at the hands of a garrotter in an Italian hotel; Schliemann's last-minute discovery of golden treasure at the end of his search for Homeric Troy; and Howard Carter's opening up of the Tomb of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings, with all the sense of impending doom that hung over that expedition like a pall, man-made though it may have been. C. W. Ceram, a German author, with a sense of the dramatic, that reminds one inescapably of Alexander Wollcott's *While Rome Burns*, and the questing spirit of an earnest historian, presents his intensely vivid story of world archæological research under the title GODS, GRAVES, AND SCHOLARS (Victor Gollancz and Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s.). Mr. Ceram's book has already been a best-seller in his German homeland, and it now bids fair to repeat the success in most of the countries of Europe and in America as well. There is an enthralling account of Layard's excavation at Nimrud; of the impoverished young man who went forth into the land of fable, riding into Mosul by the banks of the Tigris, his condition hardly better than a vagabond's, and returning home not only to receive the acclaim of Victorian England but posts of honour in the Government of the day. There is the no less colourful story of Jean François Champollion, the linguistic genius from the Dauphiné, who solved the riddle of Egyptian writing, breaking away from the tradition of Horopollo to pave the way for the excavations that were to be. There was Edward Herbert Thompson, who searched and found Chichen Itza, the mightiest and most beautiful of all Mayan cities, backing his own judgment with finance almost as limited as Layard's, and taking a long chance on the veracity of Diego de Landa's reports. And so the story goes on, down to our own day and Heyerdahl's *Kon-Tiki*. New things are being discovered at old as well as new sites. The spade is still at work where archæologists burrowed in Winckelmann's day, and men still endure intensities of hardship in extending, if only by a fraction, the frontiers of knowledge. As a recorder of these things, Herr Ceram surely has a high place; his translator also, for E. B. Garside has made it hard indeed to believe that this book was not written originally in the English language.

There was a time when most second-hand bookstalls had one or other (but seldom all) of the six volumes of Augustus J. C. Hare's *The Story of My Life*, a marathon publication of 3,000 pages in six volumes famous in its generation and giving an incomparable picture of social life between 1834 and 1900. Doubtless this work was so often seen on the second-hand market because of its inordinate length, its immense fund of indiscreet anecdotes and uncanny stories notwithstanding. Now, three of those six volumes have been abridged into one volume of 300 pages and, edited by Malcolm Barnes, reappear under the title of THE YEARS WITH MOTHER (Allen and Unwin. 25s.). Much of the tedium has been removed in the process of abridgement and most of the good things remain, most notably accounts of travel in Italy and France (of course, with mother alongside). It is easy to understand how the original work went into eighteen editions; and now, with time and judicious pruning to help it, it has gained in both interest and importance.

Wyatt Earp and William Frederick Cody (Buffalo Bill) were two of the great heroes of the frontier days in America who have not been forgotten, round whom, indeed, the legends still grow. In HE CARRIED A SIX-SHOOTER (Peter Nevill. 16s.), Stuart N. Lake tells the story of Earp, the gun-fighting marshal of the Kansas cow towns, and in BUFFALO BILL (Sidgwick and Jackson. 17s. 6d.) Rupert Croft-Cooke and W. S. Meadmore present a new biography of the hunter who turned showman to such purpose. In both books the authors have had problems in sorting fact from legend.

The latest addition to the County Books is John R. Allan's NORTH-EAST LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND (Robert Hale. 18s.). Mr. Allan is a farmer in Aberdeenshire, where his family have farmed for generations, and this love of the countryside coupled with his ability as a writer have produced a volume which deserves to rank high in this admirable series.

The work of Frank and Keith Beken is well known to Sphere readers, as it so often accompanies the articles by Uffa Fox. THE BEAUTY OF SAIL (Robert Ross and Co. 45s.) is the latest volume of Beken yachting pictures, and it is one that will be treasured no less than its predecessors. John Scott Hughes provides the commentary. Another admirable illustrated volume is THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS (Thames and Hudson. 35s.). This contains seventy-five gravure illustrations and goes as far afield as Africa, Lapland, Albania, Canada, New Zealand and Australia. There are also some fine studies from the Alps.

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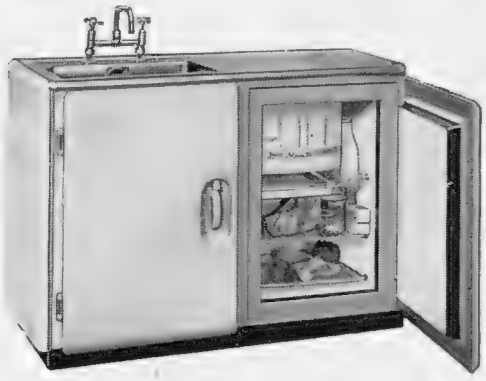

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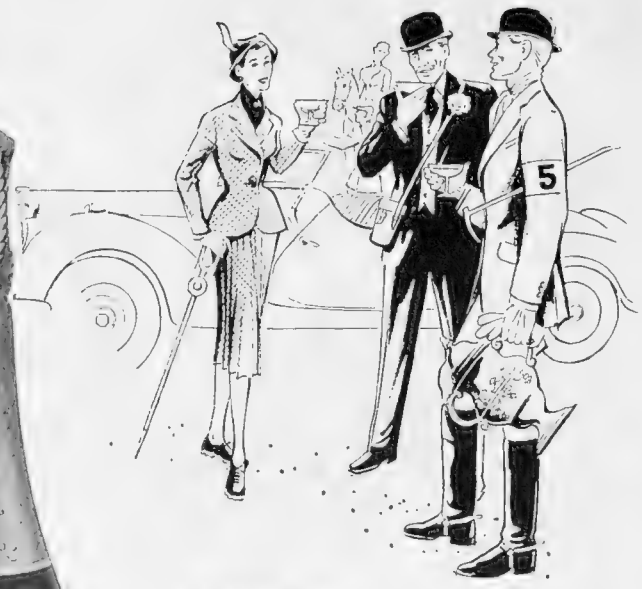

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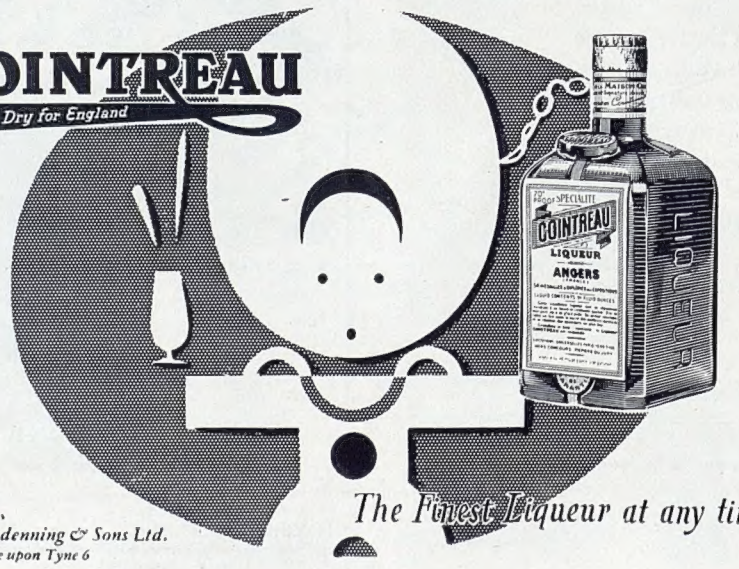

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OCTOBER

Fusilades are fired at pheasants on the First.

Gladioli should be lifted and late potatoes stored.

Likewise carrots. Hoist the Flag on the 21st. in memory of Nelson, and at the end of the month keep a sharp lookout for witches airborne on brooms.

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